

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XVIII.—No. 444. [REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, JULY 8th. 1905.

[PRICE SIXPENCE,
BY POST, 6½D.]



SPEAIGHT.

LADY LILFORD AND HER SON.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: Lady Lilford and her Son	I, 2
Home Grown	2
Country Notes	3
Woodland Phases. (Illustrated)	5
Polo at Ranelagh and Elsewhere (Illustrated)	8
From the Farms	9
The Rear-guard of Spring. (Illustrated)	11
Dutch Creameries and Dutch Milking Cattle	12
Small Manor Houses. (Illustrated)	13
In the Garden. (Illustrated)	14
Feathered Foes of Game. (Illustrated)	16
Country Home: Horham Hall. (Illustrated)	18
The Green Woodpecker	25
Sir Gilbert Greenail's Kerry Cattle. (Illustrated)	27
A Book of the Week	30
With the Watchers on the Farnes. (Illustrated)	32
Wild Country Life	34
Correspondence	35

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

Those who send photographs are requested to state the price required for reproduction, otherwise when payment is requested it will be made at the usual rates of the journal. Only the actual photographer or owner of the copyright can be treated with.

Vols. VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIII., XIV., XV., and XVI. of COUNTRY LIFE are now ready, and can be obtained on application to the Publisher. Price, bound in green half-morocco, 25s. per volume, or 21s. in green cloth, gilt edges. Vols. I., II., III., IV., and V. are out of print. All cheques should be made payable to the Proprietors, COUNTRY LIFE.

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XVII. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

The charge for Small Estate Announcements is 12s. per inch per insertion, the minimum space being half an inch, approximately 48 words, for which the charge is 6s. per insertion. All Advertisements must be prepaid.

HOME GROWN.

A LITTLE while ago that part of the world which is interested in the cultivation of vegetables was surprised to learn that, at a public auction, bundles of English home-grown asparagus realised from 14s. to 16s. a bundle. The weight of the bundle, it may be well to explain, ranged from 17½ lb. to 20½ lb., and consisted of 110 sticks. The incident is quoted to show the appreciation that customers have for produce that comes from our own farms, and there are many districts in the South and West of England where a very considerable addition could be made to the income of those who derive their livelihood from tilling the soil if they would grow this giant asparagus. Not only so, but there is a decided preference for English fruits as well. Home-grown tomatoes are always more easily sold, and fetch much better prices than those of foreign origin. If we take even such fruit as cherries, it is, doubtless, true that they have been coming into the English markets from France at an exceedingly cheap rate recently, some having been sold wholesale at little more than 1½d. per lb., yet it is confidently expected that when English cherries come into the market and the French competitors have disappeared from it, the demand will be considerable and the price satisfactory. Only our home-grown fruit is subject to one great drawback. Anyone who has walked through Covent Garden during the French cherry season must have noticed how beautifully and nicely the cherries are packed. Small boxes are made for the cherries and adorned with coloured paper.

Obviously they are inexpensive, but that does not prevent them from being very alluring in appearance. Naturally the customer who is only half thinking of purchasing cherries when he sees them made up in such a tempting manner is very likely to make up his mind to buy them, whereas the custom of the English fruit-farmer is to send his produce up to market anyhow, the most important thing in his eyes being to have a large hamper as full as it will hold; but he takes no trouble to speak of about packing, and it does not seem to enter into his mind that fruit may be attractively set out. The consequence is that in very many cases he loses a satisfactory price, to which he is fairly entitled, and for really good produce has to be content with the same payment as others obtain for what is decidedly inferior.

The very same principle that we have exemplified in fruit-growing is still more applicable to general farming in England. We may take it as incontrovertible that the average consumer prefers English meat to any other. No frozen or chilled meat brings anything like the price that people are willing to pay for South Down mutton or Aberdeen-Angus beef. Yet Professor James Long, who is no mean authority on the subject, gives it as his opinion, based on wide observation and experience that about 75 per cent. of the farmers' livestock are mongrels, and quite incapable of yielding the best class of produce. If we take sheep as an example, the average farmer looks upon the ewe simply as a ewe. She may be well-formed or ill-formed, good, bad, or indifferent, but he mates her with the first male that comes handy, and the consequence is that he finds himself in possession of offspring that cannot possibly command a very high price in the market. Now one would think it were quite easy to follow a very different plan. If the farmer would take the trouble to select for breeding purposes well-made, sound, and healthy ewes, and would mate them only with males of equal quality of pedigree stock, the result would be that the value of his lambs would be increased enormously. It only requires that amount of consideration which is being freely given to stock in other countries. It is exactly the same with cattle. The English farmer is very slow indeed to realise that a herd, to be worth anything, has to be steadily built up. He may begin with such cows as he possesses, if he will only keep selecting the best of them for breeding purposes, and use bulls of pure blood. By following this policy, in a very short time he will come into possession of a herd whose value is increased far beyond that of the cross-breds he formerly possessed. And if we take the question of seed we find the same thing. Many farmers have a prejudice, amounting almost to infatuation, for preserving some of their own corn and grass for seed, however poor the crop yielded the season before had been. Now this is a very important matter. If the soil and manure be equal, the value of the crop will depend on the quality of the seed placed in the ground, and it behoves every farmer who would make the most of his land to be most solicitous on this point, and to take the utmost care that his seed should be of the first quality, and exactly suitable to the land and the climate of his tenancy.

These are homely truths, and possibly there are some who will complain that they lack novelty—that, as a matter of fact, they have been preached over and over again. Unhappily that is true; but, on the other hand, it is most difficult to impress this on the mind of the farmer. We hear sometimes of the changes that are taking place in agriculture, and the holding of some very zealous and enterprising agriculturist is taken to illustrate the supposed facts. But to go down into the country and to look over a number of average farms is to receive complete disillusionment on the point. The farmer is a most conservative kind of man. As a rule he goes on using the old, bad machinery that served the turn of his forefathers. He follows certain customs in regard to the choice of seed and the selection of cows for milking or feeding purposes, and he makes little or no attempt to accommodate himself to new conditions that have arisen. Add to this the fearful competition to which he is now exposed from abroad. He forgets that in the old times the farmer could almost lie asleep in his bed and be sure of profits coming in, because the margin was so great between the prices realised and the cost of production. But to-day that margin has thinned almost to the vanishing point, and he who would have his balance on the right side must be awake to every chance. It is absolutely necessary for him to have on his holding the best and most economical machinery of his time, and in order to keep pace with those who are progressing he should attend exhibitions and thoroughly examine the machinery shown at them, while he may also gain much by being a member of some large agricultural society, and by taking in its publications.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Lilford and her son. Lady Lilford was a daughter of Mr. George Soltau-Symons of Chaddlewood, and married Lord Lilford in 1894.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

It is to be feared that the word "failure" must be written over the latest experiment of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. After a most auspicious beginning the show at Park Royal ceased to be a success. Probably the visit of the King and the Prince of Wales proved an attraction on the days when high payment was exacted, but the attendance fell away lamentably on the cheap days. This might be due to several circumstances, one of which was that the weather, which had been most brilliant at the opening, became wet and stormy afterwards, and Park Royal is not a very pleasant place on a rainy day. We are afraid, however, that a still more important reason is that those who manage the exhibition have failed to find the means of attracting the middle and working classes. Some say it is from lack of advertisement, and some that it suffers from dullness, while one or two have put forward the opinion that London people are not interested in agricultural matters. The last-mentioned theory we cannot agree with. There are several shows, notably the Dairy Show in October and the Smithfield Show in December, which have always been popular, and it has to be remembered that the Royal succeeded no better in the provinces than it has done in London. We may be forgiven, therefore, for drawing the inference that there is something radically wrong with the arrangements, and if the Royal Society is to continue its exhibitions it must obviously begin by setting its house in order.

At present it is the fashion to relegate every thorny question that arises in the House of Commons to a Departmental Committee, and this is what has been done with the suggestion made by Mr. Rider Haggard in his American report. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, replying to Sir John Gorst the other night, said that the difficulty and importance of the subjects dealt with by Mr. Haggard had rendered this course necessary. We hope that the Committee will be very carefully chosen, and that its scope will not be too much restricted. We have to remember that two separate questions arise. The first is, what to do with the incapables of our large towns, or rather what to do with their children. It would be of little use to send the men and women of the submerged tenth out to farms in Canada or any other of our Colonies, because in most cases they have become so utterly demoralised by long living on the lower brink of society that reform is impossible; but we have to remember that they have children with boundless possibilities before them, and with these it ought certainly to be possible to do something, for there are still huge tracts of land that cry aloud for settlers to make them produce the necessities of life.

The next question is that of rural depopulation. We have many parts of England that are practically deserted by the working classes, and it is of the utmost consequence that means should be found to bring them to the land. From every point of view it is most undesirable that the flower of the English working people should be induced to depart from these shores, either to foreign countries or to the Colonies. Mr. Haggard's own opinion is that they might be induced to stay on the acres of our shires by means of some measure that would make small holdings easy of acquisition. In this we have the experience of the past to help us, as various futile efforts have been made to secure the desired result; but if, in the future, the new Small Holdings Bill should be introduced in the House of Commons, we hope

that its clauses will be sufficiently alluring to induce a large proportion of our farm labourers to make an effort to become occupiers or owners of small holdings. No one, at any rate, has suggested a better solution of the difficulty.

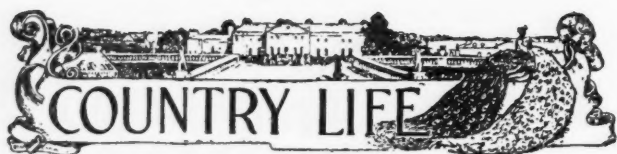
The Committee of the House of Lords which is taking the evidence relating to the proposed amendment of the Building Bye-laws has had some very interesting witnesses before it. Notable among them was Sir William Grantham, who gave a succinct and most suggestive account of the incidents which led to the lawsuit in which he was recently engaged. Of no less importance was the evidence submitted by Mr. Charles Turnor of Wraby, Lincolnshire, who declared that the depopulation of the rural districts was, in his neighbourhood, to a very large extent due to the restriction imposed by these bye-laws. He considered that they added quite 20 per cent. to the cost of building, and he stated that there were a great many cases where people would not build at all because of the bye-laws. This is a state of things which evidently calls aloud for stringent remedy, and we hope that the Committee presided over by Lord Addington will not fail to bring forward strong recommendations to that effect. Possibly, the clauses relating to drainage and water supply might remain; though we have considerable doubts even as to these, because they were drawn up years ago, before these matters were as well understood as they are at the present moment; but the clauses relating to building materials, overhangings, and kindred subjects ought certainly to be abolished.

As far as we have been able to gather from the published evidence, however, the most important point of all has so far been quite overlooked. This is the fact that building bye-laws are essentially mediæval; in their character they belong to the legislation of reaction, and form an almost insurmountable obstacle to the growth of invention and enterprise in the art of building. Anyone who has looked on the houses constructed under them must see that these exhibit a level, dead, stupid monotony, in most striking contrast to the beauty, comfort, and variety of the cottages that were put up before they came into being. The ideal to be followed is that the builder of a cottage will have full liberty to use the materials in his neighbourhood, and not be induced to obtain them from a distance for the mere purpose of conforming to certain arbitrary and unintelligent laws. No greater mistake was ever made than the drawing up of these bye-laws in the sixties. Those responsible for them seemed to assume that the last word had been said by science about many forms of sanitation in which a complete revolution has been effected since that time. We trust that the thorough investigation to which the bye-laws are now being subjected will result in a root-and-branch reform, even if it does not reach to the complete abolition of these pernicious regulations.

HAY HARVEST.

Set like a saw are the sharp blades, fescue and dogtail are falling.
Back in his seat leans the driver, taking the weight off the collars;
Long swathes the sisters now fall in, rye-grass and sweet-scented vernal.
Click! click! round goes the cutting steel! Corncrake and pheasant
are silent;
Swiftly they run to the hedgerows, off steal the voles and the rabbits.
Spared both by sharp scythe and clippers, undaunted sits the brown
partridge.
Grandly roll up the cumuli, big with the fate of the farmer;
Fervent our prayers that the showers pass down the beds of the rivers,
Swelling the streams the trout feed in; sparing the hills where the
grass lies.
Now let the sun's rays fall hot on white caps of wives and of maidens,
Tossing the sweet hay in feathers, falling back soft on the pastures.
Out with the rick-cloths! Thatch! The milch-cows have food for the
winter.
C. E. DE LA POER BERESFORD

The India Office has issued a report on the wheat crop which will be read with anxious eyes by English farmers. In 1904, the production of wheat in India reached its maximum, and this year there has been a slight falling off, but still there are no fewer than 28,000,255 acres under wheat. The yield, however, has diminished by about 2,100,000 tons, owing chiefly to the effects of frost and rust. In the Punjab and North-Western Frontier Province not much harm has been done. The exportation, in spite of this drawback, will be well above the average, but considerably short of the enormous proportions of last year. Thus the report of the India Office goes to confirm a prediction often made in these columns, that the price of wheat is likely to remain at its present level. It is certain that the United States export will be smaller than it was last year, and so will that of Russia, while from Canada we cannot expect any increase; therefore, if India falls short, the supply of wheat in 1905 cannot possibly be equal to that of 1904, and as the price has remained at about 30s. a quarter for the greater part of the year, it may be taken for certain that it will not fall below that figure.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: Lady Lilford and her Son ...	1, 2
Home Grown ...	2
Country Notes ...	3
Woodland Phases. (Illustrated) ...	5
Polo at Ranelagh and Elsewhere (Illustrated) ...	8
From the Farms ...	9
The Rear-guard of Spring. (Illustrated) ...	11
Dutch Creameries and Dutch Milking Cattle ...	12
Small Manor Houses. (Illustrated) ...	13
In the Garden. (Illustrated) ...	14
Feathered Foes of Game. (Illustrated) ...	16
Country Home: Horham Hall. (Illustrated) ...	18
The Green Woodpecker ...	25
Sir Gilbert Greenall's Kerry Cattle. (Illustrated) ...	27
A Book of the Week ...	30
With the Watchers on the Farnes. (Illustrated) ...	32
Wild Country Life ...	34
Correspondence ...	35

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

Those who send photographs are requested to state the price required for reproduction, otherwise when payment is requested it will be made at the usual rates of the journal. Only the actual photographer or owner of the copyright can be treated with.

Vols. VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIII., XIV., XV., and XVI. of COUNTRY LIFE are now ready, and can be obtained on application to the Publisher. Price, bound in green half-morocco, 25s. per volume, or 21s. in green cloth, gilt edges. Vols. I., II., III., IV., and V. are out of print. All cheques should be made payable to the Proprietors, COUNTRY LIFE.

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XVII. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

The charge for Small Estate Announcements is 12s. per inch per insertion, the minimum space being half an inch, approximately 48 words, for which the charge is 6s. per insertion. All Advertisements must be prepaid.

HOME GROWN.

A LITTLE while ago that part of the world which is interested in the cultivation of vegetables was surprised to learn that, at a public auction, bundles of English home-grown asparagus realised from 14s. to 16s. a bundle. The weight of the bundle, it may be well to explain, ranged from 17½lb. to 20½lb., and consisted of 110 sticks. The incident is quoted to show the appreciation that customers have for produce that comes from our own farms, and there are many districts in the South and West of England where a very considerable addition could be made to the income of those who derive their livelihood from tilling the soil if they would grow this giant asparagus. Not only so, but there is a decided preference for English fruits as well. Home-grown tomatoes are always more easily sold, and fetch much better prices than those of foreign origin. If we take even such fruit as cherries, it is, doubtless, true that they have been coming into the English markets from France at an exceedingly cheap rate recently, some having been sold wholesale at little more than 1½d. per lb., yet it is confidently expected that when English cherries come into the market and the French competitors have disappeared from it, the demand will be considerable and the price satisfactory. Only our home-grown fruit is subject to one great drawback. Anyone who has walked through Covent Garden during the French cherry season must have noticed how beautifully and nicely the cherries are packed. Small boxes are made for the cherries and adorned with coloured paper.

Obviously they are inexpensive, but that does not prevent them from being very alluring in appearance. Naturally the customer who is only half thinking of purchasing cherries when he sees them made up in such a tempting manner is very likely to make up his mind to buy them, whereas the custom of the English fruit-farmer is to send his produce up to market anyhow, the most important thing in his eyes being to have a large hamper as full as it will hold; but he takes no trouble to speak of about packing, and it does not seem to enter into his mind that fruit may be attractively set out. The consequence is that in very many cases he loses a satisfactory price, to which he is fairly entitled, and for really good produce has to be content with the same payment as others obtain for what is decidedly inferior.

The very same principle that we have exemplified in fruit-growing is still more applicable to general farming in England. We may take it as incontrovertible that the average consumer prefers English meat to any other. No frozen or chilled meat brings anything like the price that people are willing to pay for South Down mutton or Aberdeen-Angus beef. Yet Professor James Long, who is no mean authority on the subject, gives it as his opinion, based on wide observation and experience that about 75 per cent. of the farmers' livestock are mongrels, and quite incapable of yielding the best class of produce. If we take sheep as an example, the average farmer looks upon the ewe simply as a ewe. She may be well-formed or ill-formed, good, bad, or indifferent, but he mates her with the first male that comes handy, and the consequence is that he finds himself in possession of offspring that cannot possibly command a very high price in the market. Now one would think it were quite easy to follow a very different plan. If the farmer would take the trouble to select for breeding purposes well-made, sound, and healthy ewes, and would mate them only with males of equal quality of pedigree stock, the result would be that the value of his lambs would be increased enormously. It only requires that amount of consideration which is being freely given to stock in other countries. It is exactly the same with cattle. The English farmer is very slow indeed to realise that a herd, to be worth anything, has to be steadily built up. He may begin with such cows as he possesses, if he will only keep selecting the best of them for breeding purposes, and use bulls of pure blood. By following this policy, in a very short time he will come into possession of a herd whose value is increased far beyond that of the cross-breds he formerly possessed. And if we take the question of seed we find the same thing. Many farmers have a prejudice, amounting almost to infatuation, for preserving some of their own corn and grass for seed, however poor the crop yielded the season before had been. Now this is a very important matter. If the soil and manure be equal, the value of the crop will depend on the quality of the seed placed in the ground, and it behoves every farmer who would make the most of his land to be most solicitous on this point, and to take the utmost care that his seed should be of the first quality, and exactly suitable to the land and the climate of his tenancy.

These are homely truths, and possibly there are some who will complain that they lack novelty—that, as a matter of fact, they have been preached over and over again. Unhappily that is true; but, on the other hand, it is most difficult to impress this on the mind of the farmer. We hear sometimes of the changes that are taking place in agriculture, and the holding of some very zealous and enterprising agriculturist is taken to illustrate the supposed facts. But to go down into the country and to look over a number of average farms is to receive complete disillusionment on the point. The farmer is a most conservative kind of man. As a rule he goes on using the old, bad machinery that served the turn of his forefathers. He follows certain customs in regard to the choice of seed and the selection of cows for milking or feeding purposes, and he makes little or no attempt to accommodate himself to new conditions that have arisen. Add to this the fearful competition to which he is now exposed from abroad. He forgets that in the old times the farmer could almost lie asleep in his bed and be sure of profits coming in, because the margin was so great between the prices realised and the cost of production. But to-day that margin has thinned almost to the vanishing point, and he who would have his balance on the right side must be awake to every chance. It is absolutely necessary for him to have on his holding the best and most economical machinery of his time, and in order to keep pace with those who are progressing he should attend exhibitions and thoroughly examine the machinery shown at them, while he may also gain much by being a member of some large agricultural society, and by taking in its publications.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Lilford and her son. Lady Lilford was a daughter of Mr. George Soltau-Symons of Chaddlewood, and married Lord Lilford in 1894.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

IT is to be feared that the word "failure" must be written over the latest experiment of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. After a most auspicious beginning the show at Park Royal ceased to be a success. Probably the visit of the King and the Prince of Wales proved an attraction on the days when high payment was exacted, but the attendance fell away lamentably on the cheap days. This might be due to several circumstances, one of which was that the weather, which had been most brilliant at the opening, became wet and stormy afterwards, and Park Royal is not a very pleasant place on a rainy day. We are afraid, however, that a still more important reason is that those who manage the exhibition have failed to find the means of attracting the middle and working classes. Some say it is from lack of advertisement, and some that it suffers from dullness, while one or two have put forward the opinion that London people are not interested in agricultural matters. The last-mentioned theory we cannot agree with. There are several shows, notably the Dairy Show in October and the Smithfield Show in December, which have always been popular, and it has to be remembered that the Royal succeeded no better in the provinces than it has done in London. We may be forgiven, therefore, for drawing the inference that there is something radically wrong with the arrangements, and if the Royal Society is to continue its exhibitions it must obviously begin by setting its house in order.

At present it is the fashion to relegate every thorny question that arises in the House of Commons to a Departmental Committee, and this is what has been done with the suggestion made by Mr. Rider Haggard in his American report. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, replying to Sir John Gorst the other night, said that the difficulty and importance of the subjects dealt with by Mr. Haggard had rendered this course necessary. We hope that the Committee will be very carefully chosen, and that its scope will not be too much restricted. We have to remember that two separate questions arise. The first is, what to do with the incapables of our large towns, or rather what to do with their children. It would be of little use to send the men and women of the submerged tenth out to farms in Canada or any other of our Colonies, because in most cases they have become so utterly demoralised by long living on the lower brink of society that reform is impossible; but we have to remember that they have children with boundless possibilities before them, and with these it ought certainly to be possible to do something, for there are still huge tracts of land that cry aloud for settlers to make them produce the necessities of life.

The next question is that of rural depopulation. We have many parts of England that are practically deserted by the working classes, and it is of the utmost consequence that means should be found to bring them to the land. From every point of view it is most undesirable that the flower of the English working people should be induced to depart from these shores, either to foreign countries or to the Colonies. Mr. Haggard's own opinion is that they might be induced to stay on the acres of our shires by means of some measure that would make small holdings easy of acquisition. In this we have the experience of the past to help us, as various futile efforts have been made to secure the desired result; but if, in the future, the new Small Holdings Bill should be introduced in the House of Commons, we hope

that its clauses will be sufficiently alluring to induce a large proportion of our farm labourers to make an effort to become occupiers or owners of small holdings. No one, at any rate, has suggested a better solution of the difficulty.

The Committee of the House of Lords which is taking the evidence relating to the proposed amendment of the Building Bye-laws has had some very interesting witnesses before it. Notable among them was Sir William Grantham, who gave a succinct and most suggestive account of the incidents which led to the lawsuit in which he was recently engaged. Of no less importance was the evidence submitted by Mr. Charles Turnor of Wraby, Lincolnshire, who declared that the depopulation of the rural districts was, in his neighbourhood, to a very large extent due to the restriction imposed by these bye-laws. He considered that they added quite 20 per cent. to the cost of building, and he stated that there were a great many cases where people would not build at all because of the bye-laws. This is a state of things which evidently calls aloud for stringent remedy, and we hope that the Committee presided over by Lord Addington will not fail to bring forward strong recommendations to that effect. Possibly, the clauses relating to drainage and water supply might remain; though we have considerable doubts even as to these, because they were drawn up years ago, before these matters were as well understood as they are at the present moment; but the clauses relating to building materials, overhangings, and kindred subjects ought certainly to be abolished.

As far as we have been able to gather from the published evidence, however, the most important point of all has so far been quite overlooked. This is the fact that building bye-laws are essentially mediæval; in their character they belong to the legislation of reaction, and form an almost insurmountable obstacle to the growth of invention and enterprise in the art of building. Anyone who has looked on the houses constructed under them must see that these exhibit a level, dead, stupid monotony, in most striking contrast to the beauty, comfort, and variety of the cottages that were put up before they came into being. The ideal to be followed is that the builder of a cottage will have full liberty to use the materials in his neighbourhood, and not be induced to obtain them from a distance for the mere purpose of conforming to certain arbitrary and unintelligent laws. No greater mistake was ever made than the drawing up of these bye-laws in the sixties. Those responsible for them seemed to assume that the last word had been said by science about many forms of sanitation in which a complete revolution has been effected since that time. We trust that the thorough investigation to which the bye-laws are now being subjected will result in a root-and-branch reform, even if it does not reach to the complete abolition of these pernicious regulations.

HAY HARVEST.

Set like a saw are the sharp blades, fescue and dogtail are falling.
Back in his seat leans the driver, taking the weight off the collars;
Long swathes the sisters now fall in, rye-grass and sweet-scented vernal.
Click! click! round goes the cutting steel! Corncrake and pheasant
are silent;
Swiftly they run to the hedgerows, off steal the voles and the rabbits.
Spared both by sharp scythe and clippers, undaunted sits the brown
partridge.
Grandly roll up the cumuli, big with the fate of the farmer;
Fervent our prayers that the showers pass down the beds of the rivers,
Swelling the streams the trout feed in; sparing the hills where the
grass lies.
Now let the sun's rays fall hot on white caps of wives and of maidens,
Tossing the sweet hay in feathers, falling back soft on the pastures.
Out with the rick-cloths! Thatch! The milch-cows have food for the
winter.

C. E. DE LA POER BERESFORD

The India Office has issued a report on the wheat crop which will be read with anxious eyes by English farmers. In 1904, the production of wheat in India reached its maximum, and this year there has been a slight falling off, but still there are no fewer than 28,000,255 acres under wheat. The yield, however, has diminished by about 2,100,000 tons, owing chiefly to the effects of frost and rust. In the Punjab and North-Western Frontier Province not much harm has been done. The exportation, in spite of this drawback, will be well above the average, but considerably short of the enormous proportions of last year. Thus the report of the India Office goes to confirm a prediction often made in these columns, that the price of wheat is likely to remain at its present level. It is certain that the United States export will be smaller than it was last year, and so will that of Russia, while from Canada we cannot expect any increase; therefore, if India falls short, the supply of wheat in 1905 cannot possibly be equal to that of 1904, and as the price has remained at about 30s. a quarter for the greater part of the year, it may be taken for certain that it will not fall below that figure.

The hay harvest is now in full swing throughout the Southern Counties, and the fields present a spectacle which still remains novel, although every year it tends to grow more familiar. Instead of the bands of sun-tanned haymakers which we used to see in our youth, a solitary individual on a hay-cutter is seen driving his horses round and laying the grass low as he goes. Then instead of the tedders a boy drives a horse with a fan-like machine behind, and by mechanical means turns the swathes of grass. Another machine is used for collecting this and placing it on a waggon by which it is brought up to the haystack. Here an elevator has been fixed, worked by a mule which seems much more accustomed to the deadly monotony than ever a horse could become. As mechanically as the rest of the work is done, the hay is carried by the elevator and placed on the stack with sufficient rapidity to keep in work half-a-dozen people, who place it in position, and gradually raise the great pack. This they continue to do in good weather until night has practically fallen on all the fields, for the British farmer has a salutary dread of rain, and knows that swiftness is more than half the battle.

The cherry orchards are glittering with fruit, which is rapidly getting ready for the picker, and the annual warfare with the birds has commenced. We must say it fills us with dismay, because the pilferers are some of our most favourite birds. The greatest sinner of all is the blackbird, which has an astonishing fondness for cherries, and next to this bird comes the thrush. It is very hard indeed to insist that the market gardener, whose living depends on his fruit crop, should allow this stealing to go on, and, as a matter of fact, he finds it a matter of necessity to employ a man with a gun to shoot the birds during the season. Here it is a question of livelihood; but we think that those who are in no way dependent on their garden produce might very well allow these tuneful and pleasant birds to exact their toll without any further disturbance than the use of a clapper, or at most the discharge of a gun loaded with blank cartridge. A good fright cannot do them much harm. But these are not the only enemies of the cherries. Sometimes the starlings swoop down in such immense numbers as to threaten the existence of the crop. A rook with its family of young comes, too, and the rook, like the sparrow, is a wanton destroyer. It will peck the fruit long after its appetite has been satisfied. Jays also appear to have an omnivorous taste, and are capable of eating great quantities. Occasionally, too, wood-pigeons come, but they are not so fond of soft fruit as they are of hard grain. The market gardener, we suppose, must do something to protect his produce; but may we repeat our belief that the private owner is not in a similar position, and may very well spare the birds.

In a famous ballad we are told that the "herring loves the merry moonlight," but this fish possesses another characteristic that often leads to serious consequences. It is of a roving disposition, and no one has yet been able to map out an exact line of its travels; indeed, as a matter of fact, this seems to be constantly changing, so that a place which at one time is practically supported by herring fishing, at another finds those engaged in this task reduced to inactivity. This has been the case during the current season on the Cumberland coast, which has seen the greatest failure of the fishing ever known. The people have had to bring their herrings from Loch Fyne, or Tynemouth, and hardly any Manx herrings have yet been offered in the district. It is easy to find a parallel for this extraordinary occurrence. There are many places on the South Coast, for instance, where at one time the herring fishery was the staple industry, and where now it cannot be pursued with profit.

On the East Coast there have been many changes. Yarmouth, until within comparatively recent times, was no very important centre, yet of late years the herrings have visited the coast in unprecedented numbers, so that at times it has been scarcely possible to dispose of the catch. What has happened upon the coast of Cumberland, therefore, would seem to be that the herrings in their annual migration have changed their route, for the experience we have gained previously does not point to anything in the nature of a diminution in their numbers. They would appear to have begun to come southward early in the year, as the fishing in the Shetland Islands is among the earliest, and gradually as the season advances the shoals reach various points of the fishing places on the East Coast. Then towards autumn they seem to make for the North again. But though the general direction they take has been fairly well ascertained, it does not seem possible to map out the road for them, and such incidents as the failure of the herring fishery on the Cumberland coast are only to be expected.

A real wild man of the woods has passed away in the person of Brusher Mills, whose snake-catching exploits in the New

Forest are familiar to most readers of the newspapers. He himself computed that in the course of his career he had captured somewhere about 25,000 harmless snakes and over 5,000 adders; but, as he kept no record, and did his reckoning in his head only, the figures must be taken exactly for what they are worth. As a practical naturalist, however, he stood almost alone. Up to the year 1881, when work began to be scarce upon the farms, he was an ordinary labourer on the land; but about that time he forsook civilisation, and made his residence in an old hut that at one time had been used as a charcoal-burner's shelter. He spent his time in catching snakes, selling some of them for money, and deriving the rest of his living from the kindness of neighbours. Nobody in England knew more about snakes than he did, and the epitaph that has so often done duty may well be his: "We might have better spared a better man."

GHOSTS AT TWILIGHT.

When daylight waneth in the west,
And birds of day to rest have flown,
There comes an hour the soul loves best
To lose itself in dreams alone.
Our thoughts fly back to other days,
Across the silent waste of years,
O'er lonely tracts and desert ways,
Through wreaths of mist and blinding tears.

We seem to see a well-loved face,
A sweet voice murmurs in our ear,
With all its old bewitching grace,
A well-remembered form draws near.
No thing of substance this, by faith!
Despite a hope to which we cling,
Full well we know it for a wraith,
A ghostly, haunting, twilight thing.
But if—as oft we like to think—
There be a life beyond, above;
Why should not those who've crossed the brink
Return to visit homes they love?
To comfort weary hearts that mourn,
When sounds are hushed and lights are low,
Waving pale hands across the bourne,
Faint shadows in an afterglow.

II. P. T.

As a rule, most of the rivers in the British Isles are not at a very high level, in spite of the wet Whitsun holidays and later showers, and salmon-fishers and all who are interested in seeing a big body of water are not well pleased; but the streams of the Western Highlands formed a very notable exception to this rule during many days of last week. Rains of a thunder origin descended with a violence that cannot often have been equalled in these temperate regions. Some three miles or so of the West Highland Railway were made quite impossible for traffic by the flood-water, the worst effects being apparent a little west of Tulloch Station. The station itself was under water for a while, and the strength of the streams carried away small bridges, injured larger ones, perforated the raised way, and washed to pieces much of the structures, so that, for some days, the railway traffic was suspended, and travellers and goods were taken round in carriages and carts. All over the Lochaber district many low-lying places and roads were under water. The deluge, however—perhaps fortunately—was local, but a measure of it would have been welcome in many places.

By a very sad and very singular coincidence news came of the melancholy and premature death of Mr. H. S. Mahony, owing to a bicycling accident, just in the middle of the championship lawn tennis meeting at Wimbledon, in which he has often figured so prominently. He won the championship of lawn tennis both here and in Ireland, and by his brilliance of play, even though not always backed up by sufficient steadiness, seldom failed to be dangerous even to the most formidable opponents. He had a charm and boyishness of manner which made him very popular, and his loss will be deeply regretted by a large circle of friends.

It is not to be doubted that the love of "the simpler life," as people are fond of terming the disposition which inclines them to the hiring of country cottages for occupancy at "week-ends" or for a week or two in the summer, is a wholly healthy and sane instinct. At the same time, it cannot be denied that it is an instinct that brings in the train of its gratification some little hardship on the humbler classes. In most of the picturesque parts of the country in any vicinity to London a great many of the cottages are being bought up, or are being hired at a rate that is larger than the labouring class can afford. They pay five shillings a week, or it may be ten (to them a shilling or two a week means nothing), for cottages of which the normal rental would be,

perhaps, three or four shillings. Then they come down for a longer or shorter period, and live a life as simple as they care to make it; but in the meantime they are making the problems of life anything but simple for the poor man who was the previous occupant of the cottage. It is a real hardship in many places, and one that is not as generally recognised as it should be.

The Duke of Portland, in his address to the eighty-fifth meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, made some very useful remarks on the use and abuse of the bearing-rein. They are remarks that should carry weight both because of the social position of the speaker, and more

particularly because of his intimate knowledge of the subject. Hitherto the public has heard a very great deal of the undoubted abuse of the bearing-rein; the novelty of the Duke's remarks was his insistence on its value upon occasions, both when the horse is driven and ridden. The excessive tightening of the bearing-rein, to draw in the horse's head so as to give it the look of so-called smartness from the arched crest, he condemned without hesitation, but to the frequent utility of the bearing-rein in acting as a check he bore equally emphatic testimony. These temperate and sensible arguments are far more likely to relax the cruelty of the bearing-rein than the one-sided and ill-informed outcry of the total abolitionists.

WOODLAND PHASES.

ALTHOUGH trees are anchored to the ground by roots, they are in many respects so human that it is difficult to avoid crediting them with the changes of mood and some of the emotions of mankind. We can almost fancy that the solitary tree set in a hedgerow, or in the midst of a field, takes some sort of cognisance of the changes passing around him; that in a degree he is conscious of the passing of the seasons, rejoicing with the spring sun and the warm west winds stirring his sap again after the dead sleep of winter, living in a glory of full life during the long summer days, and after the brief splendour of autumn falling somewhat sadly into the gloom of winter, when he gives little sign of life save the waving of his arms and the ghostly tune played by the wind whistling through the bare branches. It is in the dusk, when the shadows of night begin to spread over hamlet and meadow, that these trees, standing by themselves, assume their most majestic and dignified aspect, as if they were watchmen to guard the crops and the live things that



W Cadby.

WHITE STOLES.

Copyright.

seek their shade for protection from the heat in summer, and in winter as a shelter from the cold winds.

And the individual species of tree usually possesses a character peculiar to itself—a character which undergoes many changes with the advance of the seasons. The birch, “the lady of the woods,” as Miss Wordsworth named it, during the early days of spring, when the young leaves form a light and fluttering dress which half discovers and half conceals the white bole, is in April and early May the very embodiment of girlish grace and beauty. But as spring gives place to summer, and the leaves thicken, a plantation of birches might almost at a distance be taken for a regiment of cloaked and silent soldiers, particularly in the places where they have been planted on a regular plan. The birch is a tree that multiplies itself very freely, and when self-sown the plantation frequently has a wilder and less uniform appearance. It is bold and hardy, and in Scotland clothes many of the most infertile mountain slopes, making of the barren place a shelter that from time immemorial has been a resort of lovers, so that “the birks”



W. Cadby.

THE SERE, THE YELLOW LEAF.

Copyright.



W. Cadby.

A GIANT OF THE CENTURIES.

Copyright.

figure in many a famous love lyric, such as, to give one example, "The Birks of Invermay," that pathetic song which was made by David Mallet, and sung by Robert Fergusson when the most unfortunate of Scottish poets was dying in madness and poverty.

A wood itself generally presents many varying phases of mood and temperament. On the outskirts it is usually lively and gay; undergrowths of various kinds, unstifled by the thickness of the trees, come up freely, and the edge of the wood is ever

the favourite resort of wild animals. Here in spring you hear best the wild melody of the birds, and not in vain shall you seek for their nests. They love the sunlight, and they derive the greater part of their livelihood from the fields, so that usually the depths of a thick wood are unvisited by them, while the margin is a favoured resort. Amid the bushes there furred life flourishes at its best; the rabbit has his burrow in the shelter of the outlying trees, and makes of it a refuge whence he can periodically sally forth and raid the surrounding country for food. His enemies the stoat and weasel live there, too, and take their toll of blood without entirely breaking off a sort of friendliness that seems to exist between them, for the stoat—the worst of the rabbit's enemies—is not so bloodthirsty as is generally assumed. When hungry he singles out a particular rabbit to make a meal of, and hunts him to the death, but it is curious to notice how little the others are upset by the tragedy enacted beside them. Terror and apprehension

are short-lived passions in all the smaller objects of creation. Often such enemies as the fox, the badger, and the rabbit may be found living together in the same colony. It would not be true to say they are thoroughly at peace, for the fox will occasionally snap up a rabbit, and the badgers have frequently been known to kill foxes. But the hostility between them is not so keen as to drive them apart. We have known such a happy family for nearly a quarter of a century, and its numbers have always tended to increase rather than decrease.



J. E. Latham.

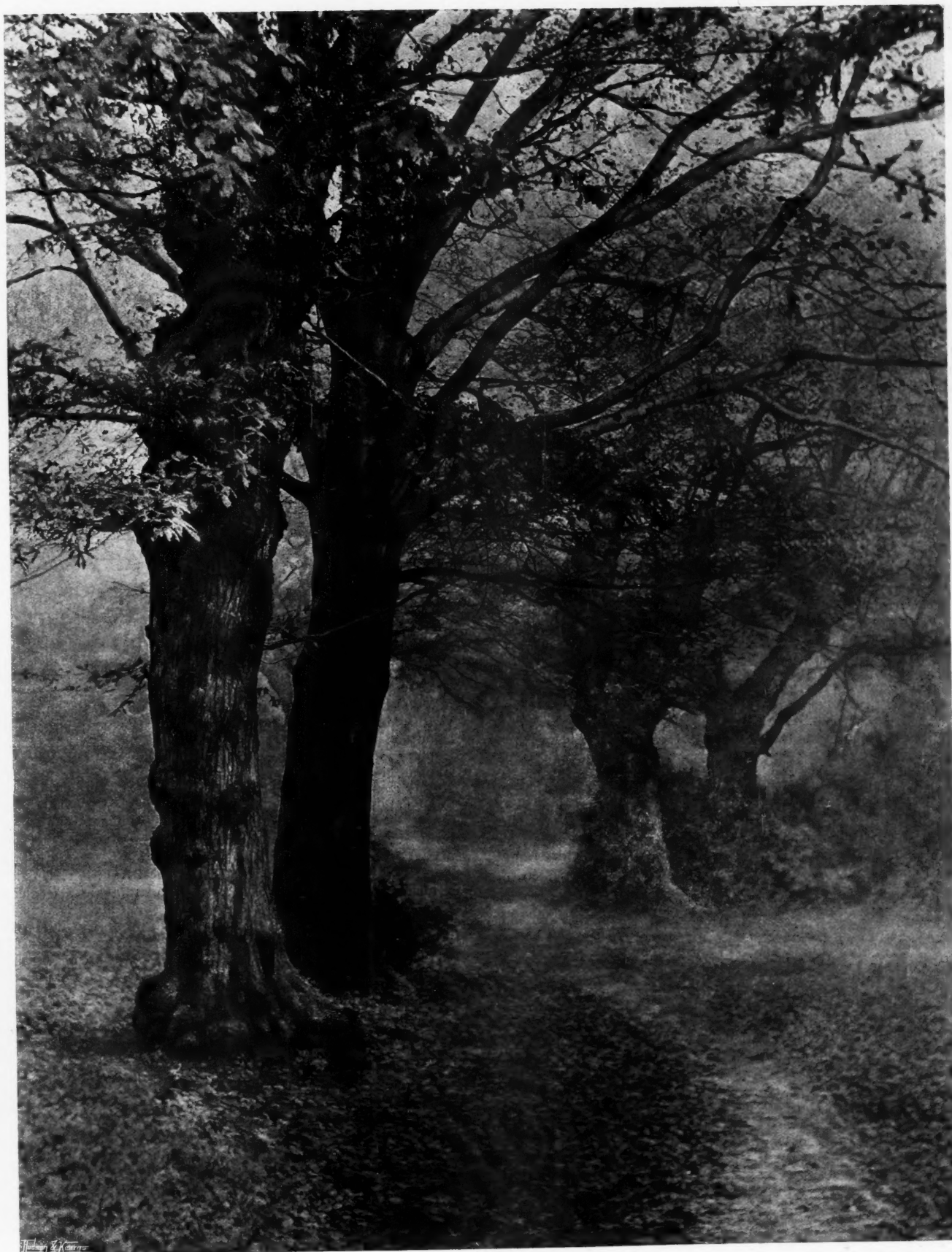
THE FAR-OFF SUN.

Copyright.

July 8th, 1905.

COUNTRY LIFE.

7



G. H. Copper.

MIST IN THE WOOD,

Copyright.

Most of the flowering trees prefer the edge of the wood, and here in spring the air is odorous with the scent of sweet briar and hawthorn. Here, the bramble loves to spread its trailing vines. Here, the wild apple and the wild cherry put forth their sweetest blossoms in the spring. But if there is gaiety on the outside of the wood, that is not the feeling within. As you penetrate the depths a feeling of solemnity comes over you, as though you were walking in one of Nature's own cathedrals—a feeling that is deepened by the dim, religious light that makes its way through the leafage, so thick that on the ground there is scarcely anything but shadow. You walk noiselessly, because generations of trees have shed their leaves and made a soil that is at once soft and porous. Bird and beast seem to dislike these woodland solitudes as a rule, though one or two are always to be found there. The little woodland shrews and mice probably find more safety there than anywhere else from the natural enemies who are always ready to pounce upon them—the weasel, whose main enjoyment in life is hunting mice, and the owls that on soft and silent wings flit round and round the wood at night, killing and destroying the small vermin that haunt it. But their beat does not lie among the trees, and the dormouse and the shrew may often be discovered in the very centre of a forest, enjoying life in their own little way. In certain moods the seclusion of the wood appeals, but in others the want of light and the quietness are depressing, so that after a long woodland walk it is a relief to emerge into some grassy glade, over which the trees on either side hang their loose and melancholy boughs, and where wild life finds relief from the sternness that lies within.

Here and there, too, the woodland has been cleared round some giant of the forest that probably has stood there for several centuries, and one can only wish that he could tell us something of what has been transacted beneath the shade of his great wings. Say that he is 500 years old—probably the outside age for any tree—then it is possible that around him Tudor gentlemen have hunted the deer, and, it may be, have had their muncheons under his shade. Queen Elizabeth herself, in her ruff and stomacher, may have come hither to watch the tall deer being killed, or the Roundhead may have hummed his surly hymn, and the Cavalier have chanted his wicked stave. The gallants of the Restoration lost no time in reviving the pleasures of hunting, and so from then to now what a succession of pictures might be drawn, such as Tennyson attempted not without success in the poem of "The Talking Oak." Alas, it has been decreed that the kings of the



P. T. Deakin.

LEAFY JUNE.

Copyright.

forest should be dumb, and the dramas that have passed around them might as well have been unwitnessed and unknown.

POLO AT RANELAGH AND ELSEWHERE.

SATURDAY was so very much the most important day of last week that it must be taken first. The good fortune of the Ranelagh Club did not desert them, and the final of the Open Cup, on their ground, was marred by no accident, and was the best polo of the season. Their victory on Saturday has established Roehampton as the champion team of 1905. A glance at the names of the team—Captain Herbert Wilson, Mr. M. Nickalls, Mr. P. Nickalls, and Captain Hardross Lloyd—shows clearly that no other team except Rugby could hope to beat them. It was bad luck that put the Old Cantabs out of action, for it is one of the greatest pleasures of the spectator at polo to see them play. Captain Heseltine's brilliant dash, Mr. Freake's loyal team play, Mr. Buckmaster's horsemanship, hitting, and perfect style are all notable features of first-class polo; yet even, apart from Mr. Freake's unlucky accident, they could not hope to win against a defence so resolute, so quick, and so enduring as Mr. P. Nickalls

and Captain Hardross Lloyd showed us on Saturday. Even Rugby—Mr. W. Jones, Lord Shrewsbury (in place of Mr. G. A. Miller), Captain E. D. Miller, and Mr. C. D. Miller—with all their fine combination, were fairly shattered against the iron defence of Roehampton. Of course, the state of the ground must be taken into consideration, sodden and dead after the heavy rain of Friday night. The management did their best, and no labour was spared, but still the going was so heavy as to favour the physically stronger team and reduce the advantage of the incomparable Rugby team of ponies. The Rugby ponies are well known, and I have written much of them; but I thought Lord Shrewsbury's favourites, the long-tailed chestnut Marengo and Bayleaf, the nippy white-faced bay, gave him an excellent ride. Mr. C. D. Miller rode a bay which from the lofty watch-tower of the pavilion I could not recognise, but which appeared to save the goal more than once by its sharpness in getting back to the ball. Messrs. Nickalls



W. A. Rouch.

A SCRIMMAGE ON THE BOARDS.

Copyright.

rode some of the ponies of which portraits were obtained for COUNTRY LIFE after the Champion Cup victory, and of which the bang-tailed thorough-bred Argentine (much more comely than most South American ponies) was very effective. A very notable pony was Captain Herbert Wilson's brown, a pony which appears to be quite thorough-bred. It may be remarked that thorough-bred ponies seem to be more in favour again, for Mr. J. C. de Las Casas during the afternoon showed me a charming chestnut mare, not unlike Little Fairy, which he bought at Newmarket, and there were certainly three, if we include the Argentine, in Saturday's great match. As to the game itself, we may divide it into three parts, the first of which was very even, and of which, though some spectators said it was slow, I should be inclined to say that it was as good polo as we have seen this year; the second when Rugby attacked and the Roehampton defence proved too strong for the forwards; and the third when Roehampton, with the upper hand, were only held back from an overwhelming victory by Captain Miller's skill as leader of a team. The way he held his men together, beaten though they were, and fought out the match to the last, was as fine a bit of pluck and resource as we have ever seen, even in first-class polo. Probably the spectators enjoyed these last periods the most, for there was more galloping and some most effective bumping. There were no accidents, and only one foul, which gave Rugby a goal from the free hit at 60yds.

Saturday was the last day for the Inter-regimental ties, and at Roehampton the 1st Life Guards—Lord Hugh Grosvenor, Mr. E. H. Brassey, Captain Guest, and Major G. F. Milner—beat the Rifle Brigade—Messrs. Scott and Hargreaves, Captain Sladen, and Captain Innes. It is quite clear that we have been under-rating the 1st Life Guards' team. There are now, as I write, four teams left in, but I think by the time these lines are in the hands of our readers we shall be looking forward to a final tie in which the 17th Lancers will probably be playing. The other three teams left in are the 20th Hussars, of which not very much is known in London, the Inniskillings, a powerful team with a capital number one, Mr. Gibson, and the 1st Life Guards.

FROM THE FARMS.

HAY AND FRUIT PROSPECTS.

THE farmer in the Southern Counties has been passing through a very anxious time about his hay crop. There is a hay crop, and a very fairly good one, in the Southern, and especially in the South-Eastern, Counties—in

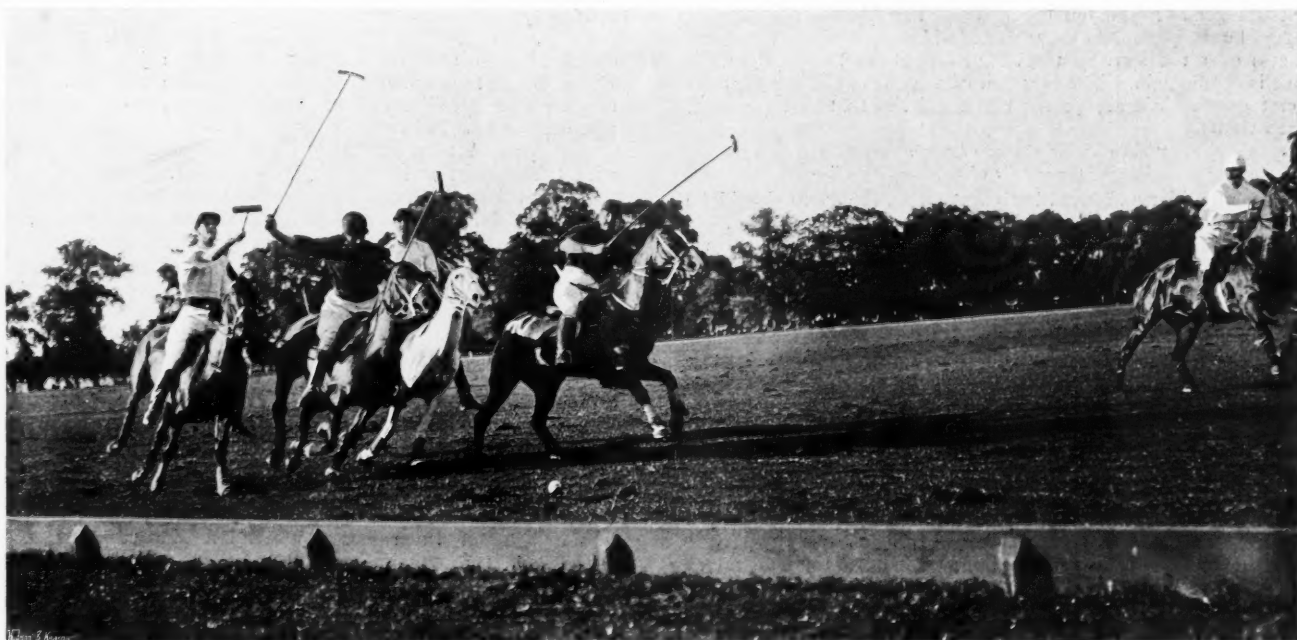


W. A. Rouch.

THE BALL HANGS IN MID-FIELD.

Copyright.

this regard more fortunate than most of England. But there has been a continuance of close, thundery weather, the worst possible for the making of hay, varied by deluges of thundery rain; so that the crop that has been cut has suffered heavily, and much that was uncut has been laid. A few who had but a small area under hay saved it before the worst of the weather came, but they are in a very small minority. At the moment of writing all the weather conditions look a great deal better, with the wind westerly instead of from the East, which has brought us nearly all our misfortunes this year. Cherries and strawberries are wonderfully good crops generally, considering how sunless the weather has been, though the former seem to be far less good as one goes eastward into Kent. Hops are a great deal better than appeared possible a few weeks back. A crop that has shown a signal failure, in some parts at least, is the apple crop. A good deal of the failure is locally ascribed to the pecking of the buds by bullfinches, which increase and multiply continually, but probably their ill work is quite inadequate to furnish the whole explanation. All the small fruits are good—such as gooseberries and currants—and where there are fig trees in the open they are bearing many figs, of course immature as yet. Curiously enough, just in the middle and east of Kent, where the cherries are a failure, the apple crop is exceptionally good. Last year there were practically no apples, and though much of the excellence of this year's crop in those parts is ascribed to the weighting down of



W. A. Rouch

MR. CHARLES MILLER IN POSSESSION.

Copyright

the outer branches to admit the sun into the heart of the trees, probably the rest from production that they enjoyed last season is in large measure responsible for their present fecundity.

TWO CENTURIES AGO.

It is interesting to compare the prices for farmstock a couple of centuries ago with those which are obtained to-day. The following is taken from the Manx Note Book: "August 1728 Pd Bror. G Gill for a horse 14/8 pd for a young bullock £2. 12. 7; a cow from John Sayle, £1. 17; a cow from Jno Ballajocky £1. 17. (1729.) Sold two bullocks and bought two more with ye money; bot from John Quark one bullock £2. 3; from a Kk Bride man, one bullock £1. 17. 6 (1731.) Captn Jon Xtian Dr for a bullock £1. 11. 6." In an account of a tour through the Isle of Man taken by John Feltham, 1797-98, he states: "Pigs abound and of good size. The price for fresh pork is 2½d. per pound, hams and bacon 5d. Poultry is also very plenty: chickens 6d. per couple; fowls 12d. Geese are numerous; the price is from 1/- to 1/6 weighing from eight pounds. Turkeys and ducks are also cheap and quantities are sent to England. Barrel churns are used, but plunge churns are the most common. Butter varies with the season from 5d. to 8d. per pound of 16 ounces; and when salted in crocks at 6d. or 7d. About 1000 crocks of 30 lbs. each are annually sent to England. Calving cows and heifers from four to six guineas. Dry cows and heifers for fattening from £3. 15. to £5. Oxen from plough from 5 to 6 guineas. Beef varies with the season from 2½d. to 4d. per pound. The value of land varies from 10/- to 40/- per acre, and in the uplands, from 5/- to 12/-. The right of pasture on the commons belongs to the publick. Most farms keep six cows, some 12, but rarely exceed twenty. The following is the distribution of crops on a farm near a town in 1794. Number of acres 270; rent 210l. Wheat 26 acres. Barley and oats 30 each. Potatoes 24. Hay from sown grass 40. Meadow 10. Flax 5. Fallow 13. Pasture 92. Plough-horses 6. Colts 4. Saddlehorse poney and stallion. Milch cows 15. Fattening cows and heifers 10. Bull 1. Grassing to six cows. Horses 4. Sheep 20. House servant, two men, and three boys, with six labourers, and 25 additional hands in

harvest. Families 7. Souls 40. This farm was divided among 6 tenants, who kept 16 horses and maintained 30 souls. The women are expert reapers and do many parts of husbandry. Threshing is mostly performed by them, and in digging up potatoes they are little inferior to men. Mowers cut only ¾ of an acre per day. Five reapers, and one to bind, cut an acre of middling corn a day."

THE FELTED BEECH COCCUS.

This troublesome pest is the theme of the latest leaflet issued by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. Its life history it is not necessary for us to go into at the present moment; but many of our readers will be glad to obtain the recipe for getting rid of it, which we reproduce from the official leaflet: "The beech coccus belongs to the generally destructive family of Scale insects (Coccidæ). The adult female is of a lemon-yellow colour, and measures about 1-25in. in length. It is both wingless and legless; is somewhat hemispherical in shape, being flattish below and highly convex above, and to the naked eye appears like a small yellow egg, which never moves throughout its life, and the treatments given below have proved to be thoroughly efficient in destroying this pest when applied according to instructions: "1. *Paraffin Emulsion*.—This should be prepared in the following way: Mix equal proportions of soft soap, dissolved in boiling water, and paraffin, and churn them up by means of a force-pump or syringe. When required for use add twenty times its bulk of water and again churn. 2. *Paraffin Emulsion with Sulphur and Turpentine added*.—Take about ½gal. of soft water, boil and dissolve about 1lb. of common soap, add a handful of sulphur and a pint of paraffin, and about the same quantity of turpentine. Add about 4gal. of soft water to this mixture, and churn well together, as recommended above. 3. *Caustic Alkali Wash*.—Dissolve 1lb. of commercial caustic soda in water, then 1lb. of crude potash or pearl ash in water. When both have been dissolved mix the two well together; then add ½lb. of soft soap, stir well, and add sufficient water to make up to rogal. *Caution*.—Do not mix in painted vessels of any kind."

THE REAR-GUARD OF SPRING.

By FIONA MACLEOD.

IF the cuckoo, the swallow, and the nightjar be pre-eminently the birds of summer (though, truly, the swift, the flycatcher, and the corn-crake have as good a title) the rear-guard of spring may be said to be the house-martin, the cushat, and the turtle. Even the delaying wheatear, or the still later butcher-bird may have come, and yet *Sweep-Sweep* may not have been heard about the eaves of old houses or under and over the ruined clay of last year's nests; the cushat's voice may not have become habitual in the greening woods; and the tireless wings of the turtle may not have been seen clipping the invisible pathways between us and the horizons of the south. But, when these come, we know that Spring has traversed the whole country, and is now standing ankle-deep in thrift and moon-daisies in the last rocky places fronting the north sea. No one doubts that summer is round the corner when the flycatcher hawks the happy hunting-grounds of the apple-blossom, when the swift wheels over the spire of the village church, and when the wild-dove is come again. The first call of the cuckoo unloosed the secret gates. We are across the frontier in that first gloaming when we hear

"The clamour musical of culver wings
Beating the soft air of the dewy dusk."

To these familiar and loved harbingers from the south should be added yet another welcome friend who comes to us in the rear-guard of the Spring, though, rather, we should say he becomes visible now, for the Bat has never crossed the seas. The house-martin has not had time to forget the sands of Africa before her wing has dusked the white pansies on the sunside of old redbrick English manors: but the bat has only to stretch his far stronger yet incalculably less enduring pinions and then loop through the dusk from ivied cave or tree-hollow or the sombre silences of old barns, ruined towers, or ancient belfries sheltered from rain and wind.

The Awakening of the Bat . . . yes, that too is a sign that Spring has gone by, singing on her northward way and weaving coronals of primrose and cowslip, or from her unfolded lap throwing clouds of blossom on this hawthorn or on this apple-orchard, or where the wind-a-quiver pear leans over the pasture from the garden-edge, or where in green hollows the wild-cherry holds the nest of a speckled thrush. She will be gone soon. Before the cuckoo's sweet bells have jangled she will be treading the snows of yesteryear. But no, she never leaves the circling road, Persephone, Earth's loveliest daughter. Onward forever she goes, young, immortal, singing the greening song of

her ancient deathless magic far down below the horizons, beyond the lifting line of the ever upwelling world. And already Summer is awake. She hears the nightjar churring from the juniper to his mate on the hawthorn-bough, and in the dew among the green corn or from the seeding pastures the *crek-crek! crek-crek!* of the ambiguous landrail. This morning, when she woke, the cushats were calling from the forest-avenues, the bumble-bee droned in the pale horns of the honeysuckle, and from a thicket newly covered with pink and white blossoms of the wild-rose a proud mavis saw her younglings at last take flight on confident wing.

A good symbol, that of the awakening of the Bat. Darkness come out of the realm of sleep and dreams: the realm itself filled with the west wind and the dancing sunlight, sleep put away like a nomad's winter-tent and dreams become realities. Often I have wondered how it is that so little is commonly known of the bat-lore of our own and other races. Doubtless there is some book which deals with this lore. There may be some familiar one for aught I know, but I have never met with or heard of it.

Recently I tried in vain to get some such book dealing with the folklore and mythology of the bat. And yet in the traditional lore of all countries there are many allusions to this 'blind bird of the dusk.' The Greeks, the Romans, the Celts of Europe, the westering Gaels, had many legends and superstitions connected with it. To-day the Finn, the Magyar, the Basque and the island Gael keep some of the folklore that has ebbed away from other nations, or become confused or remembered only by old folk in old out-of-the-way places. Somewhere I have notes of several bat-legends and fragments of bat-lore collected once for a friend, who after all went 'to hunt the bat' before he could use them. That was the phrase which started the quest. He had read it, or heard it I think, and wrote to me asking if I had ever heard the phrase 'to hunt the bat' as synonymous with death. I have heard it once or twice in the last few years, and once in a story where the teller, speaking of an outlaw who was a great deer-hunter in the wilds of Inverness, was found dead 'with the fork of an ash-root through his breast, pinned like a red fox he was, and he by that time hunting the bat in the black silence.' It would be inapposite, here, to linger on this theme, but I am tempted to record one or two of these bat-lore fragments which I recall: and perhaps, from the scarcity of such traditional flotsam and jetsam, some readers and bat-lovers may be interested.

The bat, commonly called in Gaelic *an ialtag*, or *dialtag*, though even in the one Shire of Argyll at least six other common names might as likely be heard, is occasionally poetically called the *Bàdharan-dhu*, the dark wandering one. I remember being told that the reason of the name was as follows. In the early days of the world the bat was blue as the kingfisher and with a breast white as that of the swallow, and its eyes were so large and luminous that because of this and its whirling flight its ancient name was a name signifying 'flash-fire'—though now become, with the Gaelic poet who told me this, *dealan-dhu* *ladhalach* *choille*, 'the little black wandering flame of the woods.' But on the day of the Crucifixion the bat mocked at the agony of the Saviour, and while the redbreast was trying to pull out a thorn, now from Christ's hand, now from His foot, the bat whirled to and fro crying 'see how lovely I am! See how swift I am!' Christ turned His eyes and looked at it, and the blue and the white went out of the bat like the ebbing wave out of a pool, and it became blind and black and whirled away till it met the rising of night and was drowned in that darkness for evermore. And that is why the bat is seen in the dusk and at night, and wheels to and fro in such aimless wandering flight, with his thin almost inaudible voice crying 'see how blind I am! See how ugly I am!'

From the same source I had *dealan-dhu* *bais*, the little black flame (or flash) of death, and a still stranger note to the effect that bats are the offspring of lightning and smitten trees: the connection being more obvious to Gaelic ears, because *dealan-bas* is one of the names of lightning.

The other name I heard as a child, and it long puzzled me. *Beuban-an-Athar-Uaibhreach*: literally, the malformed one of the Haughty Father. Now why should the bat be called *beuban*, a thing spoiled, willfully malformed? "An t' Athair Uaibhreach" (of which *an athar* is the genitive) is one of the evasive names used by the Gael for Satan . . . for that proud and glorious angel, the Father of Evil, who fell from his high estate through conquerable pride. Why, then, was the bat the malformed creature of Satan? It was years afterwards before I had the story told me, for my old nurse (from whom I heard the phrase) did not think the tale fitting for a child's ears. When Judas hanged himself on a tree, so the tale ran, and his soul went out lamenting on the wind, the Haughty Father flung that wretched spirit contemptuously back into the world. But first he twisted it and altered it four hundred and forty-four times, till it was neither human nor bird nor beast, but was like a foul rat with leathern wings. 'Stay there till the last day,' he said, 'in blind-

ness and darkness, and be accursed for ever . . . and that is why the bat (the *triollachan dhorchadas*, 'the little waverer of the dark,' or *triollachan fheasgair*, or little waverer of the dusk, as a more merciful legend has it) flies as he does, maimed, blind, accursed and feared, and shrieking in his phantom voice *Gu la' bais! Gu la' bais!* ('till the day of death' . . . i.e., the Last Day).

In some parts of Argyll the bat is said to live for three generations of an eagle, six generations of a stag, and nine generations of a man. With less poetic exactitude I have been

told that it lives thirteen years in flight and thirty-three years in all! . . . though equally authentic information avers that the average life of the bat is twenty-one years. A forester told me once that he did not think any bat lived longer than nine years, but he thought fifteen as likely as nine. On the other hand, he himself spoke, and as though for all he knew it might well be so, of an old tradition that a bat lives to a hundred years. This, I may add, I have heard again and again. The other day a fisherman from the island of Lismore gave the unexpected answer: "How old will the *ialtag* be? Well, now, just exactly what the age of Judas was the hour he kissed Christ and betrayed him, and not a day more and not a day less." Nothing explicit as to that, however, could be obtained. A gardener told me once a rhyme about how to get at the age of man, but I have forgotten it except that it was to the effect that a *losgunn* (a toad) was twice the age of an *easgunn* (an eel), and that a *dealtag* (bat) was twice the age of a *losgunn*, and that an *am fiath* (the stag) was twice the age of a *dealtag*, "and put ten to that and you'll have the allotted age of man" [i.e., an eel is supposed to live about seven years to seven and a half years: a frog or toad to about fifteen: a bat to about thirty: a deer to about sixty. I should add, however, that my informant was not sure if in the third instance it wasn't a *iolair* (eagle) instead of a deer.]

One of the strangest English names for the bat (among over a score only less strange) is the Athern-bird—a Somerset term, I believe, whose meaning I do not know.

But now to return to the rear-guard of Spring of whom we spoke first. Yet the folklore of the house-martin is so familiar that it need not be alluded to. We all know that it is time to think of summer when the martin clings once more to her last year's clay-house under the eaves.

It is when the wild-doves are heard in the woods that one realises the Spring-Summer borderland is being crossed. When the cushat calls, all the clans of the bushes are at home, runs a Highland saying: meaning that every mavis and merle and finch



A. H. Blake.

PRIMROSES.

Copyright



G. Grimsell.

THE FOREST POOL.

Copyright.

is busy with hatching the young brood, or busier still feeding the callow nestlings. But when the voice of the turtle is heard in the land, then Summer has come over the sea on the south wind, and is weaving roses for her coronal and will be with us while we are yet unaware.

What a quantity of old lore one might collect about the dove, and as for the allusions in ancient and modern literature they must be legion—from the familiar Scriptural phrase about the turtle to Chaucer's "the wedded turtill with her heartë trewe," from Greek myth or Roman poem to Tennyson's "moan of doves in immemorial elms." Doubtless much of the dove-lore is so well known that it would be superfluous to repeat it here. As the symbol of peace, of the Spirit, the dove herself is universally familiar. The turtle is also a symbol of mourning, and of old, as among the oak-groves of Dodona or before the fane of Hierapolis, was held sacred as the bird of prophecy, of the soul, and of the life after death. It is because of the loving faithfulness of the cushat that this bird was long ago dedicated to Venus: and it was because Venus presided over both birth and death: that the dove became associated of old with scenes so opposite as marriage festivals and funeral rites. We are all familiar with the legend that the soul of a dying person may be seen departing like a flying dove, and so it was that even a tame pigeon came to be an unwelcome sight at the window where anyone lay in serious illness. In a word, the peasant-invalid might take the bird to be a death-messenger, the bird of the grave. The most singular of these folk-superstitions, I think, is that in whose exercise a living pigeon used to be placed on the head of a dying man in order to attract the pain to the bird and so ease the sufferer. One wonders what became of the unfortunate pigeon.

The strangest of the northern legends is that Swedish one which makes the wild-dove the confidant of Baldur, the Scandinavian god of song and beautiful love, before he died 'the white death' when the ancient world receded for ever at the advent of Christ. Still do they murmur in the woods of the immortal passion, the deathless love of the old gods, they who long ago passed away one knows not whither, with Baldur going before them harping, and singing a strange song. One Gaelic poetic name for the cushat is poetry itself: *Caoinne-na-coille*, 'the murmur of the woods.' The subtlest legend is that old world Finnish identification of Aino the dove-maiden and Vaino, the male-Venus of the North, like Venus sea-born, like Venus the offspring of Zeus and Destiny, and as Aino or Vaino now the singer now the presiding deity at marriage festival or during the lamentations for the dead.

How little we know of this Vaino of the *Kalevala*, or of that not less mysterious ancient Teutonic nature-god Wunsch, or of

our Gaelic Angus Og, son of heaven and earth: each of whom has the wild-dove for his own, his symbol and his mortal image. Each wove grass and plants and greenness of trees out of the earth and the rain, out of the sunshine and the wind; each spun flowers out of dew and moonlight and the rose and saffron of dawns and sunsets. Each, too, created strength in the hearts of men and power in their bodies, and wove beauty on the faces of women and children. Each became, thus, the god of happiness, of youth, of joy. And to each finally, the doves were dedicated as their sacred birds, their mortal image among the illusions of the world. So here we pass back, pass away from the later tradition of mourning and death, to the old joyousness of Spring, of Spring who recreates grass and plant and flower, the strength of men and the beauty of women and the gladness of children, Spring who turns when the apple-blossom fades and lets loose the doves of Summer.

DUTCH CREAMERIES & DUTCH MILKING CATTLE.

TWO things more than any other strike the agricultural visitor to Holland. These are that the Dutch in the dairy districts are possessed of a breed of cattle eminently suited for milk production, and that they have been compelled by the pressure of circumstances to work out a system by which the very utmost possible is made of this milk when produced. Except near the large towns, where milk may be disposed of in its natural condition for domestic consumption, few if any farmers attempt to deal with it on their own premises. The occupations are, for the most part, small—fifty or sixty acres would be a large holding—and it has become generally recognised that the most economical way of turning the milk into marketable articles, that can be disposed of profitably, is by combination in factories. The result is, of course, an immense saving of labour, for the milk is treated in bulk instead of in small quantities, while the best machinery, generally worked by power, is employed. These factories, federated together, are also in a position to watch the state of the market, where they have their own agents, and to regulate the production of the different articles which they send out—butter, cheese, and condensed milk—according to demand and prices. There is the further consideration that exportation would be impracticable unless large consignments could be despatched, and it is on exportation that the prosperity of the Dutch farmer mainly depends. This development of factories is of comparatively recent date. It is true that

the first butter and cheese factory was established as long ago as 1879 at Leyden; but of late years an enormous increase has taken place. The number has doubled since 1895, and there are now about 1,000 creameries producing annually 31,000,000 kilos., or, say, 67,000,000 lb., of butter alone; 17,500 tons of this was exported to Great Britain, while Germany, France, and Belgium take smaller quantities. Nearly all these factories—there are very few exceptions—are subject to what is known as the Butter Control, a Government institution intended to prevent adulteration and to guarantee the absolute purity of the product sent to market. By this means every package of butter can be traced to its origin, and frequent analyses, made by Government agents, of the product of each farm, afford data by means of which the purity of any suspected consignment can be tested.

But to the English agriculturist the most interesting aspect of the Dutch dairy question is the quality of the cows. During the last few weeks a movement has been set on foot in this country to do something in the way of registering the milking capacity of shorthorns, with a view to improvement. This is precisely what has been done with the Dutch cattle for many years; milking capacity is the main qualification, and in the various breeding associations the registration of a cow, whatever its pedigree, is not permitted unless its performance at the pail warrants it. The result is that the official records, published in the Herd Book, and found in the private registers of the owners, are such as to stagger the average dairyman of this country. One of the best herds in Friesland is that of Mr. Kuperus at Marssum, and his average for 1904 is over 1,100 gal., while one member of the herd is credited with 1,860 gal. in the year. When it is remembered that the recent investigations of the Royal Statistical Society have fixed the average yield in England at 420 gal., the extraordinary character of these figures will be apparent; and although it would not be fair to compare our average for the whole of the kingdom with the yield of one of the best Dutch herds, it will be admitted that very few herds in this country contain cows which give 1,000 gal. in a milking year. The percentage of fat is not very different from that of the milk of the average shorthorn, being somewhere between 3 per cent. and 3.50 per cent., occasionally running up to 4 per cent., and now and again falling below 3 per cent.

The cattle are wintered in the huge shed which forms part of the dwelling-house on most farms. This shed is filled to the roof with hay in winter, and used as a storehouse, but in summer it is, for the most part, empty, and the cattle being in the fields, is kept in a state of dainty neatness, which is characteristically Dutch. When first turned out in the spring many of the animals are clothed with rugs or sheets, and present a peculiar appearance in the field.

Agriculture in Holland seems fairly prosperous, and land is certainly in request. In some parts of the country there is uncultivated land, but it is poor land, and even in this case the work of reclamation is in progress. But in the fertile districts scarcely a wayside patch of uncultivated land may be seen; farms let at about £4 per acre in some districts, and sell at £100 per acre, while a vacant farm brings forth plenty of applicants.

The water supply is, of course, ample. Holland is certainly better favoured in this respect than some of the Essex farms which have been allowed to become derelict; but it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the main cause of the better aspect of the rural districts is that organisation affords a means by which the agricultural products can be profitably marketed in bulk, and the farmer left free to devote his time to his work, while his returns are increased owing to the conspicuous success which has attended the work of improving the yield of the herd—a success which has made the Dutch cow a model milk producer.

SMALL MANOR HOUSES.

SEVERAL of the Southern Counties, and Kent in particular, to which the examples here shown belong, are full of small country houses, built of timber-work, wattle, and plaster, and with good brick chimneys. They are seldom less than three centuries old, and probably the majority belong to a period before the days of Elizabeth. They vary much in design, no two being quite alike in plan or



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

CHANTRY HOUSE, LENHAM.

Copyright.

detail. On the other hand, they are uniformly satisfactory in convenience, structure, and appearance. It is by no means easy to trace their history and origin, because they clearly were built for a class of occupiers who no longer exist, or who have changed their ideas as to the scale and size of the house in which they prefer to live. A very short inspection shows that they were never farmhouses. The farmhouses of the same date were as a rule humbler tenements, with far less intentional decoration about them, and more like labourers' cottages. On the other hand, the ordinary farmhouses of the South, which were built when the tenant-occupiers took up large farms and grew rich, are often larger, and nearly always much later, though the style of building was rather old-fashioned. The long peace under Sir Robert Walpole saw the building of 80 per cent. of the large farmhouses of the South, which are so justly admired to-day. Another proof that most of these small and ancient country houses did not belong to farmers, is that they stand in the small towns or big villages. Though there are usually one or two farmhouses actually adjoining village streets, the natural and ordinary practice in this happy land of peace was for every farmstead to be more or less in the centre of the farm. Also, strongest evidence of all, the class of dwelling of which we speak has no farm-buildings of any kind attached. If there are buildings,



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

BIRCHLEY, BIDDENDEN.

Copyright

these will generally be found to have been added at a later date.

Who, then, were the builders of these charming old houses, placed by the sides of the main roads which form the "streets" of so many Kentish and Sussex villages, and which, of rather different construction, abound in Suffolk, even in some of the streets of Ipswich, and especially that leading towards Nacton and Felixstowe? They must have been people of independent means, or else engaged in manufacture, for, as we have said, their homes have no place among agricultural dwellings, except in certain cases to be mentioned later. We know that in the days of Edward VI. and Elizabeth the normal and inherited idea about a gentleman's house, *i.e.*, that of the ordinary "armiger," a son of a good family, did not necessarily include size as a desideratum.

When the age of the castle passed, and when the large fortunes amassed by State officials and merchants were only beginning, the younger sons seem to have been content to live in a very modest way in the country. Often they lived with their wives and families under the roof of the family castle. But when once they set up house-keeping, the home was, as a rule, on a very modest scale. The original home of one branch of the Chaloner family, at Old Place, Lindfield, which the present owner has developed into the large and beautiful mansion which has been illustrated, both outside and inside, in these pages, was extremely small, though so good in design that the whole general scheme of the large modern house is based on it. So far as the present writer's recollection serves, there were only two considerable rooms downstairs, one being a hall, and only three large bedrooms upstairs, though there were other small ones at the back. It was certainly not larger or more commodious than several of the small country houses here shown. While the younger sons probably built many of them, others were doubtless inhabited by retired manufacturers of the day. The wide extension of the English wool trade in Tudor times is almost beyond belief. In the most remote country places there were factories and Cloth Halls, and especially in Kent; the business represented practically nine-tenths of the trade of the country. In Sussex and on the Kent border there was another flourishing local industry, the smelting of iron ore. So that we must suppose that a good many large fortunes, and a great number of competencies, representing enough to retire upon, were made. These small capitalists no doubt built a great many of the houses in question.

There must have been a race of master builders of great good sense when these houses were designed. As we have said, no two are quite alike, yet all are good. Very probably the fact

that timber with wattle and plaster were the almost universal building materials in the South and East accounts for the originality and freedom of the design. When planks cut from trees made the framework, there was far more elasticity of form than when men had to use cubes and oblongs in the form of bricks. A house could grow and take shape almost during the process of building.

A brick house, on the other hand, has to conform exactly to a previous design, and the smaller the house is, the less room it affords for any variety whatever. If the reader will look at the example of the old Chantry House from the street of Lenham, he will see that it is of very regular construction, with a central mass of chimneys, second storey corbelled out at the front and



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

ON THE HEADCORN ROAD.

Copyright.

back, and upper rooms of large size. But that at Birchley, Biddenden (which latter was a cloth-making town), seems to have taken its shape while actually in process of building. The old house on the Headcorn Road, which was probably the residence of the owner of a small manor, and had farm-buildings attached, represents another and rather later type, comfortably roomy, and quite free in design. The Abbey Farm, with wooden ends to the house, is obviously later still, and is of the regular Kentish farmhouse type. The example from the street at Smarden is far older and better, with which that of Park House Farm may be compared. Now that so many people wish for small houses in the country, to use for week-ends and holidays, these old timber and plaster built examples might be of great service in suggesting designs for new dwellings to meet present wants. It is true that the art of working in the old material is lost in many places, but it could easily be learnt again, and has survived in a greater degree than might have been expected, owing to the need for repairing timber-built barns and farmsteads, which are nearly always well designed and made out of the old materials formerly in general use.

IN THE GARDEN.

SOME BEAUTIFUL NEW PLANTS.

SEVERAL beautiful new plants were shown at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, and, as they will probably soon be grown in many English gardens, a brief description of them may be interesting:

Impatiens Holsti.—The *Impatiens* were brought into public favour largely through the introduction of *I. Sultani*, which captivated the gardener's heart to so great a degree that its sunlit flowers were seen everywhere, bright patches of colour in greenhouse and conservatory. One reason why the *Impatiens* should have won favour so much is its extraordinary freedom of flowering. Tiny plants, not 2in. high, will bloom, and they can be increased



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

THE ABBEY FARM, ROBERTSBRIDGE.

Copyright.

with the most perfect ease, little shoots soon rooting, and forming compact, leafy masses. I. Holsti, the new Impatiens, which was shown by Messrs. H. Cannell and Sons of Swanley, seems to have all the welcome attributes of I. Sultani, but the flowers have a more pronounced orange shade, while they are also larger. It is a showy and handsome plant, and should be widely known.

Streptocarpus Royal Purple.—Mr. Beckett, gardener to Lord Aldenham at Elstree, is one of the most successful of hybridists, and this beautiful *Streptocarpus* is the latest witness to his skill. It was unanimously given the award of merit of the Royal Horticultural Society, the flowers possessing not only size, but having the deepest royal purple colour imaginable. *Streptocarpace*s are very easily grown, and vary greatly from seed; but we have had nothing so splendid in colour as this latest addition to an interesting group of greenhouse flowers.

Sweet Pea Henry Eckford.—It would appear impossible to raise a new Sweet Pea absolutely distinct in colour, for there are almost hundreds of varieties now scenting the garden. Henry Eckford, raised by the well-known Sweet Pea-grower, Mr. Eckford of Wem, Salop, is a rare novelty. It has flowers with broad, firm segments, and their colouring is a warm orange scarlet, so bright and glowing that the bunch exhibited seemed a thing apart from the rest of the fragrant throng. We congratulate Mr. Eckford upon his success in securing a new departure in Sweet Pea colouring.

A New Day Lily.—The Day Lilies, or *Hemerocallis*, form one of the most useful groups of garden flowers, increasing with great rapidity, and delighting in almost sunless positions. The flowers open wide in the shade, and seem like large yellow stars on the slender stems, which move gracefully in a summer wind. *H. flava* is the most common kind, but of late years the hybridist has been busily at work trying to obtain other shades of yellow. He has succeeded, and Mr. Yeld of York showed a very beautiful form recently before the Royal Horticultural Society. It is called *Corona*, and is said to have resulted from the marriage of *H. flava*, already referred to, and the noble *H. aurantiaca major*. The flowers are deep orange yellow in colour, and judging from the innumerable stems and buds, the plant will remain in beauty for some weeks. The English name of Day Lily is in allusion to the brief life of the individual flower; but as one fades another expands, and so the procession goes merrily on.

Two Beautiful New Pæonies.—It seems difficult to acquire two really new Pæonies, but Messrs. R. H. Bath of Wisbech have accomplished this, sending to a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society varieties



Mrs. Delves Broughton. MANOR HOUSES: IN THE STREET, SMARDEN.

Copyright.

The *Rodgersias* enjoy partial shade, and are fit plants to associate with the Knotweeds, Pampas Grass, Gunneras, and things of bold growth.

Aster sub-ceruleus.—This is quite a different plant to any that have been described. It is for the border or the rock garden, and grows about 2 ft. in height, spreading out freely, and for weeks in the summer is covered with flowers of marked beauty. The florets are soft mauvy blue, neither one nor the other, but a clear, pleasant mixture of the two, which is intensified by a centre of orange colouring. It was shown by Mr. Amos Perry of Winchmore Hill.

RANDOM NOTES.

The Violetta Pansies.—There is no question that the *Violetta* Pansies, the little Violet-like Pansies which the late Dr. Stuart of Chirnside, N.B., first raised, are garden flowers of the future. They are not for the border in the same sense as the ordinary Pansies, but for the rock garden, and to form tufted edgings to beds filled with taller things. Dr. Stuart worked in the direction of acquiring rayless flowers, and Mr. D. B. Crane, whose work among the Pansies is widely recognised, referred to this when he lectured recently before the Horticultural Club. He said, "It was not until 1887 that the rayless Pansy Dr. Stuart had so long hoped to produce was forthcoming. Keeping a sharp look-out on his seedling-beds he, in that year, observed a whole flower entirely rayless, and with a most pronounced almondy perfume. There appears to be some uncertainty as to the parentage of this variety, as Dr. Stuart, in writing to a friend, referred to it as a 'chance seedling.' The plant was named *Violetta*, and represents quite a distinct type. The flowers are small, and for this reason the progeny is described either as '*Violetta*' or '*Miniature*.' For a few years Dr. Stuart and other raisers were busy in their efforts to increase the number of these beautiful gems of the garden. Newer sorts of varying tints were met with from time to time, and there seemed a fair prospect of success attending their introduction. But the *Violettas* have not achieved the distinction they deserve, which may be possibly due to the impatience of growers, who expected the plant to make the rapid and vigorous growth that the ordinary types of the *Viola* invariably do. These miniature-flowered Pansies make comparatively slow growth, and to be seen at their best should be left undisturbed for two or three years. Treated in this way the plants are a distinct success. They then develop into charming little tufts, and are freely studded with dainty, deliciously fragrant flowers. The miniature-flowered Pansies are essentially plants for the rock garden, as here they are less likely to be interfered with, and in this way develop into delightful little tufts."

The Fruiting of Loganberry.—The growth made by this hybrid fruit is remarkable, and the fruits hang in hundreds on the strong rambling stems. It has unquestionably come to stay, and will probably be grown largely for market. The only pruning required is to remove the old worn-out shoots.

Bedding Out.—This will, of course, have been long completed, but success depends almost as much upon the after attention the plants receive as on their condition when put out. Stir the soil occasionally between the plants, and whenever the weather is dry copious waterings in the evenings are advisable. Pick off all decayed flowers and leaves, and where the growth seems weak a little liquid manure will be helpful. Where carpet bedding is practised, the most assiduous attention will be required to keep the plants trimmed to follow out the design it is intended to reproduce. Carpet bedding is the most expensive and uninteresting of all forms of garden decoration, and has not even the merit of novelty. The same kinds of plants are used with monotonous persistency, and one grows weary of the same design on the green turf from May until frost fortunately



Mrs. Delves Broughton. MANOR HOUSES: PARK HOUSE FARM.

Copyright.

named, respectively, *Her Grace* and *La Fiancée*. The former is a very double, high-centred flower of exquisite colouring, which may be compared to the centre of a Maiden's Blush Rose as it is expanding in its fresh young beauty. If one looks into the flower there are shades of rose, sometimes almost silvery, then of a deeper tone, a charming medley of refined colourings. *La Fiancée* is quite different, the flower having a more formal shape, with strong thick florets, creamy white in colouring, with here and there a dash of purplish rose. We shall hear more of these noble Pæonies.

A New Plant for Water-side.—The name of this is *Rodgersia pinnata alba*, and it is one of the many handsome plants brought home from China, for Messrs. Veitch and Sons, Limited, by Mr. E. H. Wilson. It is at present in a small stage, but we can picture this noble plant in the future grouped by the lakeside, where its broad Horse-chestnut-like leaves and tall, graceful, pleasing flower spikes of clearest white will have a great effect.

these will generally be found to have been added at a later date.

Who, then, were the builders of these charming old houses, placed by the sides of the main roads which form the "streets" of so many Kentish and Sussex villages, and which, of rather different construction, abound in Suffolk, even in some of the streets of Ipswich, and especially that leading towards Nacton and Felixstowe? They must have been people of independent means, or else engaged in manufacture, for, as we have said, their homes have no place among agricultural dwellings, except in certain cases to be mentioned later. We know that in the days of Edward VI. and Elizabeth the normal and inherited idea about a gentleman's house, *i.e.*, that of the ordinary "armiger," a son of a good family, did not necessarily include size as a desideratum.

When the age of the castle passed, and when the large fortunes amassed by State officials and merchants were only beginning, the younger sons seem to have been content to live in a very modest way in the country. Often they lived with their wives and families under the roof of the family castle. But when once they set up house-keeping, the home was, as a rule, on a very modest scale. The original home of one branch of the Chaloner family, at Old Place, Lindfield, which the present owner has developed into the large and beautiful mansion which has been illustrated, both outside and inside, in these pages, was extremely small, though so good in design that the whole general scheme of the large modern house is based on it. So far as the present writer's recollection serves, there were only two considerable rooms downstairs, one being a hall, and only three large bedrooms upstairs, though there were other small ones at the back. It was certainly not larger or more commodious than several of the small country houses here shown. While the younger sons probably built many of them, others were doubtless inhabited by retired manufacturers of the day. The wide extension of the English wool trade in Tudor times is almost beyond belief. In the most remote country places there were factories and Cloth Halls, and especially in Kent; the business represented practically nine-tenths of the trade of the country. In Sussex and on the Kent border there was another flourishing local industry, the smelting of iron ore. So that we must suppose that a good many large fortunes, and a great number of competencies, representing enough to retire upon, were made. These small capitalists no doubt built a great many of the houses in question.

There must have been a race of master builders of great good sense when these houses were designed. As we have said, no two are quite alike, yet all are good. Very probably the fact

that timber with wattle and plaster were the almost universal building materials in the South and East accounts for the originality and freedom of the design. When planks cut from trees made the framework, there was far more elasticity of form than when men had to use cules and oblongs in the form of bricks. A house could grow and take shape almost during the process of building.

A brick house, on the other hand, has to conform exactly to a previous design, and the smaller the house is, the less room it affords for any variety whatever. If the reader will look at the example of the old Chantry House from the street of Lenham, he will see that it is of very regular construction, with a central mass of chimneys, second storey corbelled out at the front and



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

ON THE HEADCORN ROAD.

Copyright.

back, and upper rooms of large size. But that at Birchley, Biddenden (which latter was a cloth-making town), seems to have taken its shape while actually in process of building. The old house on the Headcorn Road, which was probably the residence of the owner of a small manor, and had farm-buildings attached, represents another and rather later type, comfortably roomy, and quite free in design. The Abbey Farm, with wooden ends to the house, is obviously later still, and is of the regular Kentish farmhouse type. The example from the street at Smarden is far older and better, with which that of Park House Farm may be compared. Now that so many people wish for small houses in the country, to use for week-ends and holidays, these old timber and plaster built examples might be of great service in suggesting designs for new dwellings to meet present wants. It is true that the art of working in the old

material is lost in many places, but it could easily be learnt again, and has survived in a greater degree than might have been expected, owing to the need for repairing timber-built barns and farmsteads, which are nearly always well designed and made out of the old materials formerly in general use.

IN THE GARDEN.

SOME BEAUTIFUL NEW PLANTS.

SEVERAL beautiful new plants were shown at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, and, as they will probably soon be grown in many English gardens, a brief description of them may be interesting:

Impatiens Holsti.—The *Impatiens* were brought into public favour largely through the introduction of *I. Sultani*, which captivated the gardener's heart to so great a degree that its sunlit flowers were seen everywhere, bright patches of colour in greenhouse and conservatory. One reason why the *Impatiens* should have won favour so much is its extraordinary freedom of flowering. Tiny plants, not 2in. high, will bloom, and they can be increased



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

THE ABBEY FARM, ROBERTSBRIDGE.

Copyright.

with the most perfect ease, little shoots soon rooting, and forming compact, leafy masses. I. Holsti, the new Impatiens, which was shown by Messrs. H. Cannell and Sons of Swanley, seems to have all the welcome attributes of I. Sultani, but the flowers have a more pronounced orange shade, while they are also larger. It is a showy and handsome plant, and should be widely known.

Streptocarpus Royal Purple.—Mr. Beckett, gardener to Lord Aldenham at Elstree, is one of the most successful of hybridists, and this beautiful Streptocarpus is the latest witness to his skill. It was unanimously given the award of merit of the Royal Horticultural Society, the flowers possessing not only size, but having the deepest royal purple colour imaginable. Streptocarpaceae are very easily grown, and vary greatly from seed; but we have had nothing so splendid in colour as this latest addition to an interesting group of greenhouse flowers.

Sweet Pea Henry Eckford.—It would appear impossible to raise a new Sweet Pea absolutely distinct in colour, for there are almost hundreds of varieties now scenting the garden. Henry Eckford, raised by the well-known Sweet Pea-grower, Mr. Eckford of Wem, Salop, is a rare novelty. It has flowers with broad, firm segments, and their colouring is a warm orange scarlet, so bright and glowing that the bunch exhibited seemed a thing apart from the rest of the fragrant throng. We congratulate Mr. Eckford upon his success in securing a new departure in Sweet Pea colouring.

A New Day Lily.—The Day Lilies, or Hemerocallis, form one of the most useful groups of garden flowers, increasing with great rapidity, and delighting in almost sunless positions. The flowers open wide in the shade, and seem like large yellow stars on the slender stems, which move gracefully in a summer wind. H. flava is the most common kind, but of late years the hybridist has been busily at work trying to obtain other shades of yellow. He has succeeded, and Mr. Yeld of York showed a very beautiful form recently before the Royal Horticultural Society. It is called Corona, and is said to have resulted from the marriage of H. flava, already referred to, and the noble H. aurantiaca major. The flowers are deep orange yellow in colour, and judging from the innumerable stems and buds, the plant will remain in beauty for some weeks. The English name of Day Lily is in allusion to the brief life of the individual flower; but as one fades another expands, and so the procession goes merrily on.

Two Beautiful New Pæonies.—It seems difficult to acquire two really new Pæonies, but Messrs. R. H. Bath of Wisbech have accomplished this, sending to a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society varieties



Mrs. Delves Broughton. MANOR HOUSES: IN THE STREET, SMARDEN.

Copyright.

The Rodgersias enjoy partial shade, and are fit plants to associate with the Knotweeds, Pampas Grass, Gunneras, and things of bold growth.

Aster sub-ceruleus.—This is quite a different plant to any that have been described. It is for the border or the rock garden, and grows about 2ft. in height, spreading out freely, and for weeks in the summer is covered with flowers of marked beauty. The florets are soft mauvy blue, neither one nor the other, but a clear, pleasant mixture of the two, which is intensified by a centre of orange colouring. It was shown by Mr. Amos Perry of Winchmore Hill.

RANDOM NOTES.

The Violetta Pansies.—There is no question that the Violetta Pansies, the little Violet-like Pansies which the late Dr. Stuart of Chirnside, N.B., first raised, are garden flowers of the future. They are not for the border in the same sense as the ordinary Pansies, but for the rock garden, and to form tufted edgings to beds filled with taller things. Dr. Stuart worked in the direction of acquiring rayless flowers, and Mr. D. B. Crane, whose work among the Pansies is widely recognised, referred to this when he lectured recently before the Horticultural Club. He said, "It was not until 1887 that the rayless Pansy Dr. Stuart had so long hoped to produce was forthcoming. Keeping a sharp look-out on his seedling-beds he, in that year, observed a whole flower entirely rayless, and with a most pronounced almondy perfume. There appears to be some uncertainty as to the parentage of this variety, as Dr. Stuart, in writing to a friend, referred to it as a 'chance seedling.' The plant was named Violetta, and represents quite a distinct type. The flowers are small, and for this reason the progeny is described either as 'Violetta' or 'Miniature.' For a few years Dr. Stuart and other raisers were busy in their efforts to increase the number of these beautiful gems of the garden. Newer sorts of varying tints were met with from time to time, and there seemed a fair prospect of success attending their introduction. But the Violettas have not achieved the distinction they deserve, which may be possibly due to the impatience of growers, who expected the plant to make the rapid and vigorous growth that the ordinary types of the Viola invariably do. These miniature-flowered Pansies make comparatively slow growth, and to be seen at their best should be left undisturbed for two or three years. Treated in this way the plants are a distinct success. They then develop into charming little tufts, and are freely studded with dainty, deliciously fragrant flowers. The miniature-flowered Pansies are essentially plants for the rock garden, as here they are less likely to be interfered with, and in this way develop into delightful little tufts."

The Fruiting of Loganberry.—The growth made by this hybrid fruit is remarkable, and the fruits hang in hundreds on the strong rambling stems. It has unquestionably come to stay, and will probably be grown largely for market. The only pruning required is to remove the old worn-out shoots.

Bedding Out.—This will, of course, have been long completed, but success depends almost as much upon the after attention the plants receive as on their condition when put out. Stir the soil occasionally between the plants, and whenever the weather is dry copious waterings in the evenings are advisable. Pick off all decayed flowers and leaves, and where the growth seems weak a little liquid manure will be helpful. Where carpet bedding is practised, the most assiduous attention will be required to keep the plants trimmed to follow out the design it is intended to reproduce. Carpet bedding is the most expensive and uninteresting of all forms of garden decoration, and has not even the merit of novelty. The same kinds of plants are used with monotonous persistency, and one grows weary of the same design on the green turf from May until frost fortunately



Mrs. Delves Broughton. MANOR HOUSES: PARK HOUSE FARM.

Copyright.

named, respectively, Her Grace and La Fiancée. The former is a very double, high-centred flower of exquisite colouring, which may be compared to the centre of a Maiden's Blush Rose as it is expanding in its fresh young beauty. If one looks into the flower there are shades of rose, sometimes almost silvery, then of a deeper tone, a charming medley of refined colourings. La Fiancée is quite different, the flower having a more formal shape, with strong thick florets, creamy white in colouring, with here and there a dash of purplish rose. We shall hear more of these noble Pæonies.

A New Plant for Water-side.—The name of this is Rodgersia pinnata alba, and it is one of the many handsome plants brought home from China, for Messrs. Veitch and Sons, Limited, by Mr. E. H. Wilson. It is at present in a small stage, but we can picture this noble plant in the future grouped by the lakeside, where its broad Horse-chestnut-like leaves and tall, graceful, pleasing flower spikes of clearest white will have a great effect.

destroys every leaf. The plants are usually those of an exotic nature, and the first breath of frost works mischief.

Planting the Netted Iris.—This is the time to plant bulbs of the Netted Iris, known in books and catalogues as *I. reticulata*. It is a charming flower of the early year, as fragrant as the Violet, and the deepest blue in colour, relieved only by a suffusion of orange at the base of the lower segments. A variety named major has larger flowers, but otherwise possesses the same warm scent and deep colouring as the type. We remember masses of them in Messrs. Kelway and Son's nursery at Langport, where the flowers scent the air with their warm penetrating fragrance. As the Netted Iris flowers so early, it should be planted in the most sheltered place the garden can offer. There the flowers will not be so damaged by winds and heavy rains as if they were in a more exposed position. Put the bulbs about 2in. deep, and the happiest results come from a fairly light soil. It has been said that this Iris is rabbit-proof. This is gratifying news if it be true, but few things are safe from these garden marauders. While writing of this Iris we may well draw attention to the other members of the bulbous section, *I. bakeriana*, *I. Danfordiae*, *I. histrio*, *I. histrioides*, and many others. They are delightful little bulbs for window-boxes, and there the flowers are easily examined. The colouring is very beautiful, and where the bulbs are grown in this way it is an easy matter to protect the flowers when the weather is unkind.

Bold Grouping of Plants.—The illustration shows the advantage of grouping certain plants to create a picturesque effect. Yuccas may always be planted in this way with the best possible results, and when flowering-time comes the result is most striking.

FEATHERED FOES OF GAME

JUNE, July, and August are the three months during which winged vermin of all descriptions prove most harmful, for not only have the old birds to feed themselves, but they must also appease the insatiable hunger of the young, whose appetite seems to increase day by day. Another point must be noted with regard to this season of the year. Game of all kinds is more or less plentiful, but the young birds are far more exposed to danger now than at an earlier stage of their existence, wandering far from the shelter of their mothers' wings, and growing bolder from lack of experience, till one fatal day they fall victims to their rashness and hardihood.

This fact I have personally verified time after time. During the first few weeks of their life grouse keep close to their mother, and scuttle to her at the first alarm. If, for example, she is feeding in an open patch of young heather recently burned, she dives into the nearest cover at the approach of a hawk, the young following her with the greatest celerity. In July, on the other hand, the young birds are scattered over the burnt ground, themselves feeding greedily on the tender shoots, and the lightning swoop of the sparrow-hawk is seldom made in vain. In a dry season things are even worse, for the birds congregate near the very springs where the hawk himself comes to drink. I have at different times watched hawks quartering a moor like setters, and it is invariably the young birds which rise at their approach. The hen crouches low in the heather, while the old cocks rise perhaps half a mile away, or else crouch in a similar fashion to their mates. Fortunately for the keeper, hawks are never so easy to trap



GROUPING OF BOLD-LEAVED PLANTS.

or shoot as at this period of the year. The presence of their young gives them courage, and by watching their movements the nest can be located, or the young, if flown, found. Should a young hawk be obtained alive, the old ones can be brought to book by the following method. A string is attached to the leg of the fledgeling, care being taken not to injure or lacerate the limb; and the keeper takes up his position in a hole or behind a rock, allowing the young bird to flutter some yards away. Fright will probably induce it to scream, and the adult hawks will be thus lured within easy range of the gun.

The winged foes of moorland game are very numerous. Besides the rarer species, such as the peregrine and the kite, the sparrow-hawk and the kestrel must be taken into account. The little merlin is practically harmless, and cannot be classed with its more powerful cousins. It would probably take a chick, but only a very small one, if the latter became separated from the brood; but such a bird would, in any case, perish from exposure, and the merlin would be mercifully saving it from a lingering death. Nobody would venture to give the sparrow-hawk even the benefit of the doubt. He is by far the worst malefactor of the whole species, and works havoc on moors and low ground alike. In the rearing-field he is more to be feared than any other class of vermin. The sparrow-hawk sometimes takes up his position on the top of a closed coop, terrifying the hen by his presence, and causing her to trample and crush the young birds, although he cannot actually get at them himself. Fortunately, the very boldness of his disposition leads to his death, for he is easily trapped at his killing, though I have only once known a hawk of this species taken at a carrion bait. Sparrow-hawks kill young pheasants larger than themselves, and take heavy toll from keepers when birds are first turned out into the coverts. Of the kestrel much has been written during recent years, and the position of



PEREGRINE AND PARTRIDGE.

the "red hawk," as this bird is locally called, is somewhat analogous to that of the rook. All kestrels are not harmless, though the vast majority do little harm to game. Subsisting on mice and small birds during the greater portion of the year, they are at all times incapable of carrying off a full-grown grouse or partridge to their nest, which, by the way, is generally situated in a hole in a cliff. Now and then one of these hawks falls into evil habits, and meets the common fate of all marauders in the rearing-field; but on the whole they are little to be feared, and, with exceptions, might be spared with advantage. In such matters it is best to be quite impartial, so I feel bound to relate the following story, which, I must admit, does not quite bear out what has been said above. My informant, an old hill-watcher in Badenoch, assured me that he once saw a kestrel kill a grouse, full grown, but probably wounded or diseased, and then calmly settle himself on the kill to feast. Not for long, however, did he enjoy his repast, for an eagle appeared upon the scene, and bore away the kill from the astonished kestrel with slow and stately flight. Peregrine falcons are now so rare that the few eyries still existing are tolerably well known to naturalists. There is, however, in the heart of the Grampians one with which the writer is acquainted, and few others



ON THE FENCE.

Mention should be made of the habits of owls in this connection. Some keepers regard them as vermin, but most practical men take a common-sense view of the matter. It is literally impossible for owls to do any appreciable harm on a game preserve, although I freely admit that, as with kestrels, an

occasional malefactor may be found, and owls have certainly been trapped under, to say the least of it, suspicious circumstances. The owl hunts by night, and at the most could only pick up a lost fledgeling which has failed to find its mother, all young birds being then safely ensconced under their mothers' wings.

To the black list should be added the magpie, more destructive in the rearing-field among young game than any other species. Magpies do incalculable harm, settling quietly among the coops and killing from mere lust for slaughter. It should be remembered that magpies often nest in a squirrel's drey, and, being prolific layers, such dreys should be carefully watched if in the neighbourhood of rearing-fields. In 1533 a statute for the destruction of "choughs, crows, and rooks" was passed, and a price set on their heads. It will thus be evident that the common

species of winged foes to young game are sufficiently numerous to occupy fully all spare time the keeper may have at his disposal, and that if these are kept properly within bounds it will be quite unnecessary to interfere with such rare and beautiful birds as are now so scarce as to justify their preservation.



IN THE GRASS.

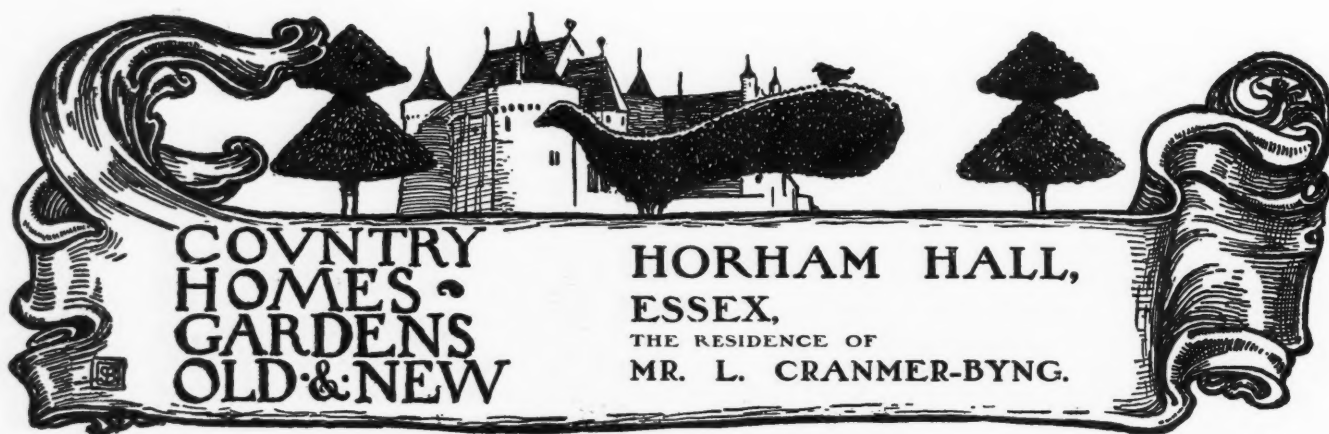
besides him know of its existence. Of the kites only a few pairs survive, although this beautiful hawk was comparatively common some thirty years ago.

Moorland game-birds have no worse foe than the black-backed gulls, which annually migrate inland for nesting purposes. They have rightly been termed "scavengers of the shore," and, unfortunately, their carnivorous habits lead them to devour eggs and young game with equal impartiality; they are, however, easily trapped either to an egg or to a flesh bait, and their heads may be seen adorning the vermin-boards of nearly every Highland estate.

Hooded crows, rooks, jackdaws, and carrion crows are all under the ban, and come into every keeper's black list, not only as egg-stealers, but as wholesale destroyers of young game of every description. We all know how rooks and jackdaws collect in the neighbourhood of a rearing-field, drawn, in the first place, by the hope of picking up fragments of food, but later turning their attention to young pheasants, partridges, and ducks. Hooded crows have been known to carry young grouse to their nests, while their carrion brethren are every whit as injurious.



ON THE MOOR.



THE local distinctions which exist in the character of English domestic architecture are known, perhaps, only to those who have devoted some special study to the subject. We have, in historical periods, first the feudal fortress, with its great keep, its curtain walls, and its towers; then the castellated mansion that succeeded, in which defensive forms were retained, often from tradition rather than from necessity; next the quadrangular manor house, giving place to the open square, with the great hall as still the central feature; then, again, the house of the Renaissance, with new graces; and a change following, which displaced the hall for the advantage of the private apartments, often doing

away with the wings; so that at length we are brought, as it were by natural progression, not unmixed with architectural decay, to the plain square house of Georgian times. But, in addition to these distinctions of time, there are differences in localities, arising often from the conditions of life, as when defensive preparations were more or less necessary, sometimes from the nature of the material most accessible, as stone, brick, or wood, and on occasions also from the character and taste of localities in a manner not easy to define.

Now, it is questionable whether Horham Hall could belong to any other part of England than East Anglia, which was peculiarly the home of splendid work in brick; but it is not

mellow old red brick only that confers the character, for there is something intangible in outline, mass, and detail also giving the Eastern Counties a rightful claim to this admirable specimen of domestic architecture which is one of their adornments. The house has undergone many changes since it was built, in or about the year 1502, by Sir John Cutte or Cutts, Treasurer of the Household to King Henry VIII., as Leland records. It was much larger originally, but was altered in Elizabeth's reign, and somewhat modernised in 1841 and 1843. One wing and the chapel have disappeared, but, though thus shorn of its splendour, Horham Hall is still a very noble example of the Tudor domestic style in its East Anglian form.

Horham, which is in the parish of Thaxted and the hundred of Dunmow, belonged successively to the families of Bendaville, De Lake or Del Acre, and Wauton or Wauton, but three later families have left their mark upon the structure—the Larges, who were in possession in 1451, and for some forty years following, the Cuttes, who owned the place from 1500 to 1610, and the Smiths or Smijths of Hill Hall, Essex, who acquired it in 1618, and whose posterity held it until 1854, when it passed to the hands of the late Mr. F. G. West by an exchange of estates. The remarkably picturesque east front is mainly the work of Sir John Cutte the Treasurer. Leland describes him as "Old Cutte," and says that he "buildid Horham Hall, a very sumptuous house in Est-Sax by Thaxstede, and there is a goodly pond or lake by it and faire parkes thereabut." Mr. A. R. Goddard, in an interesting paper on the house read before the Essex Archaeological Society, has



Copyright

THE ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE EAST FRONT

Copyright

remarked that Sir John Cutte apparently altered and partly removed an older timber house, replacing it by his more stately edifice, which he constructed of red brick with stone facings. Mr. Atkinson, indeed, who examined the place in 1890, found above the ceiling, in the kitchen quarters of the house, a beautiful open timber roof of about the year 1470, which was manifestly part of the house in which the Larges had dwelt. It is evident that Sir John Cutte turned the old part of the house, apparently including the timber-roofed solar, into domestic offices, adding the characteristic east front;

and that he built living-rooms for his family at the north end of the hall, with the richly-bayed corridor at the north-east corner, probably in order to give access to the chapel which he began but never finished. His will directed that his body should lie in Thaxted Church until his chapel at Horham should be completed. In 1856, Mr. West, the new possessor, found remains of the walls



Copyright.

THE END OF THE MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of this chapel in the vault below, and he also discovered traces of a great gate-tower by the bridge entrance over the moat. Much of the direction taken by this moat can still be traced, and there are remains of extensive buildings within it which have since disappeared.

Horham Hall remained with the family of the builder until the time of his great-grandson, who raised a fine seat for the family at Childerley, near Cambridge. A Spanish Ambassador to the Court of Queen Elizabeth was hospitably entertained by this later Sir John Cutte either at Horham or Childerley—probably the

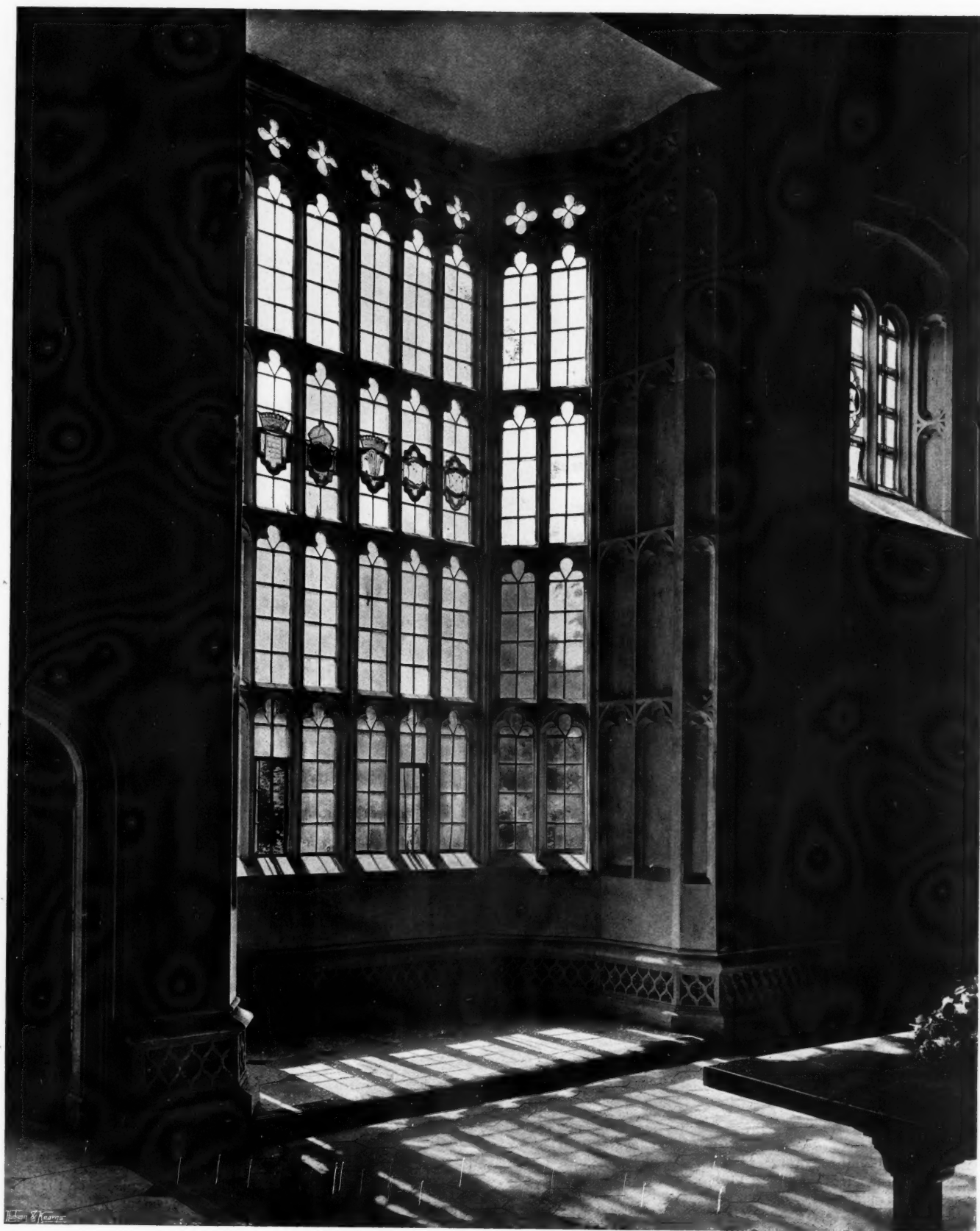
latter, concerning which Fuller has a quaint anecdote. "The Ambassador coming hither, and understanding his name to be John Cuts, conceived himself disparaged to be sent to one of so short a name, the Spanish gentlemen generally having voluminous surnames, usually adding the place of their habitation for the elongation thereof. But, soon after, the Don found out that what



Copyright

THE NORTH SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

WINDOW IN THE BANQUETING HALL

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the knight lacked in length of name he made up in largeness of entertainment." There is some reason, however, to believe that there may have been something lacking in the length of his purse, and, though the seat of the family may have been removed, it was probably through the prodigal expenditure of Sir John Cutte that the ancestral house of Horham had to be sold. It passed to Andrew Huddleston, and was by him conveyed to John Wiseman.

The estate was purchased in 1617 by Sir William Smith of Hill Hall, in Theydon Mount, Essex, nephew of the distinguished Sir Thomas Smith, Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, and Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth. Many are the memories that associate Horham Hall with the famous Queen. She spent a little time within its walls during Queen Mary's reign, in that troubled and doubtful period of her life, when she was moved about from one great house to another. She visited Horham again in the splendour of her reign in her

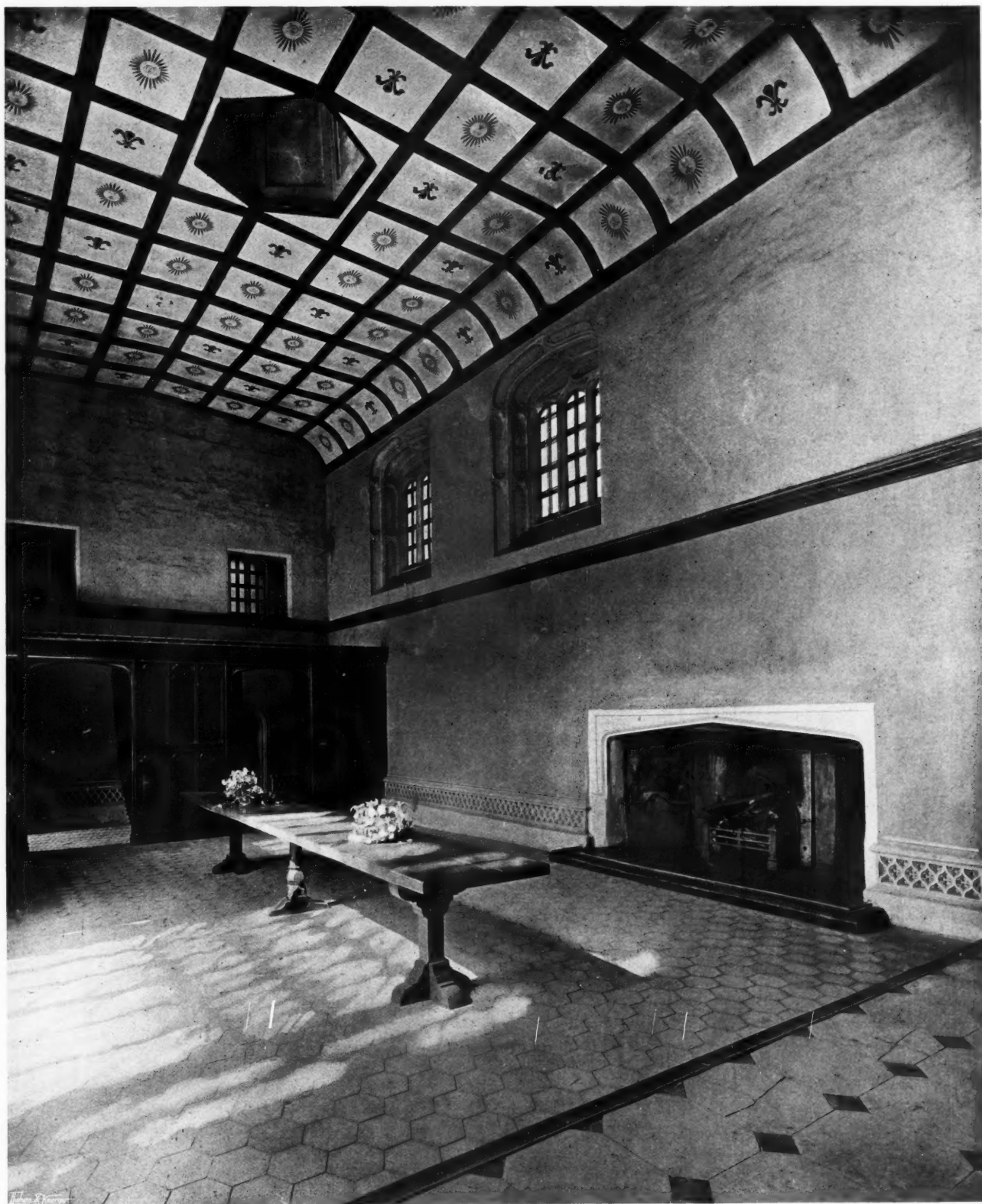
royal progress through Essex in 1571, coming to the old house from Audley End, where she had been presented with a fine pair of gloves and a Greek testament. Great was the rejoicing in the shire, and much honour was done to her and her illustrious company. Her court was held at Horham for several days, and Burleigh wrote thence to Shrewsbury on September 5th, 1571. The room which she is believed to have occupied is on the upper floor in the north wing, and is a spacious apartment, 28ft. long, 18ft. wide, and 13ft. high. It has a fireplace with a low stone arch, two-light windows on either side, and a flat Tudor arched ceiling, divided by principal and secondary moulded oaken rafters into compartments, with carvings at the intersections, and shields and the portcullis device on the wall plates.

Sir Thomas Smith of Hill Hall and Horham was raised to the baronetcy in 1661, and successive baronets of the family continued to hold the house Sir John Cutte had built. It was during the ownership of Sir Edward Smith, or Smijth, the tenth

baronet, that the house was much changed and despoiled (1841-43). At an earlier date in the same century the great hall had been stripped of its high panelling, which we believe was put up in the House of Commons, only to be destroyed in the fire a few years later. The estate was sold, as a transfer, by the eleventh baronet, Sir William Bowyer-Smijth, to Mr. Francis George West in 1854.

There is reason to be thankful that so much of the fine old East Anglian house remains. In Mr. West it had a possessor who greatly valued and beautified it, and now, in the hands of Mr. Cranmer-Byng, who occupies it, the old place is very fair to behold. There is extraordinary charm in the variety and dignity of the great east front, which was the principal work of Sir John Cutte. A fine moulded Tudor arch to the porch leads into the lobby or vestibule, where, through the screen, the great hall is entered. Internally and externally alike the lofty bay is a magnificent object, and few houses in England can present any-

thing so imposing. There are forty upright trefoil-headed lights, in four rows, divided by bold transoms and principal and secondary mullions, and to crown the whole there is a row of quatrefoil lights, making one of the noblest windows it is possible to conceive. Evidently Sir John Cutte built in an age that loved the light of day, and his whole structure is testimony to the skill of the window-builder. Brick and stone are deftly employed, and the bays and oriels group in wonderful picturesqueness with the embattlements, crow-stepped gables, tiled roofs, trettied chimneys of brick, and the singular lantern of the great hall. The square tower at the north-east angle is a lofty embattled structure giving great distinction to the house, and from its crest there is a noble outlook over the surrounding country, there being thirteen churches within the prospect. The north side of the mansion presents a fine series of two-light windows and columnar brick chimneys, while on the west the grouping of structures is as quaint and varied as an artist could desire. Some reference





Copyright.

FROM THE MOAT POND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE MOAT WALL

"COUNTRY LIFE."

has been made to the interior of the old mansion, and in supplement thereto it may be said that the hall is 46ft. long, 24ft. wide, and about 25ft. high, with a fireplace 10ft. wide; and though the ancient panelling has gone, there is an oaken string-course about 12ft. from the floor, showing the level to which it reached. The ceiling is divided into square panels by the original oak beams, and is very slightly arched. There are other quaint features internally in the arched doorways and the old staircase, but the principal charm is in the superb character of the exterior which is depicted.

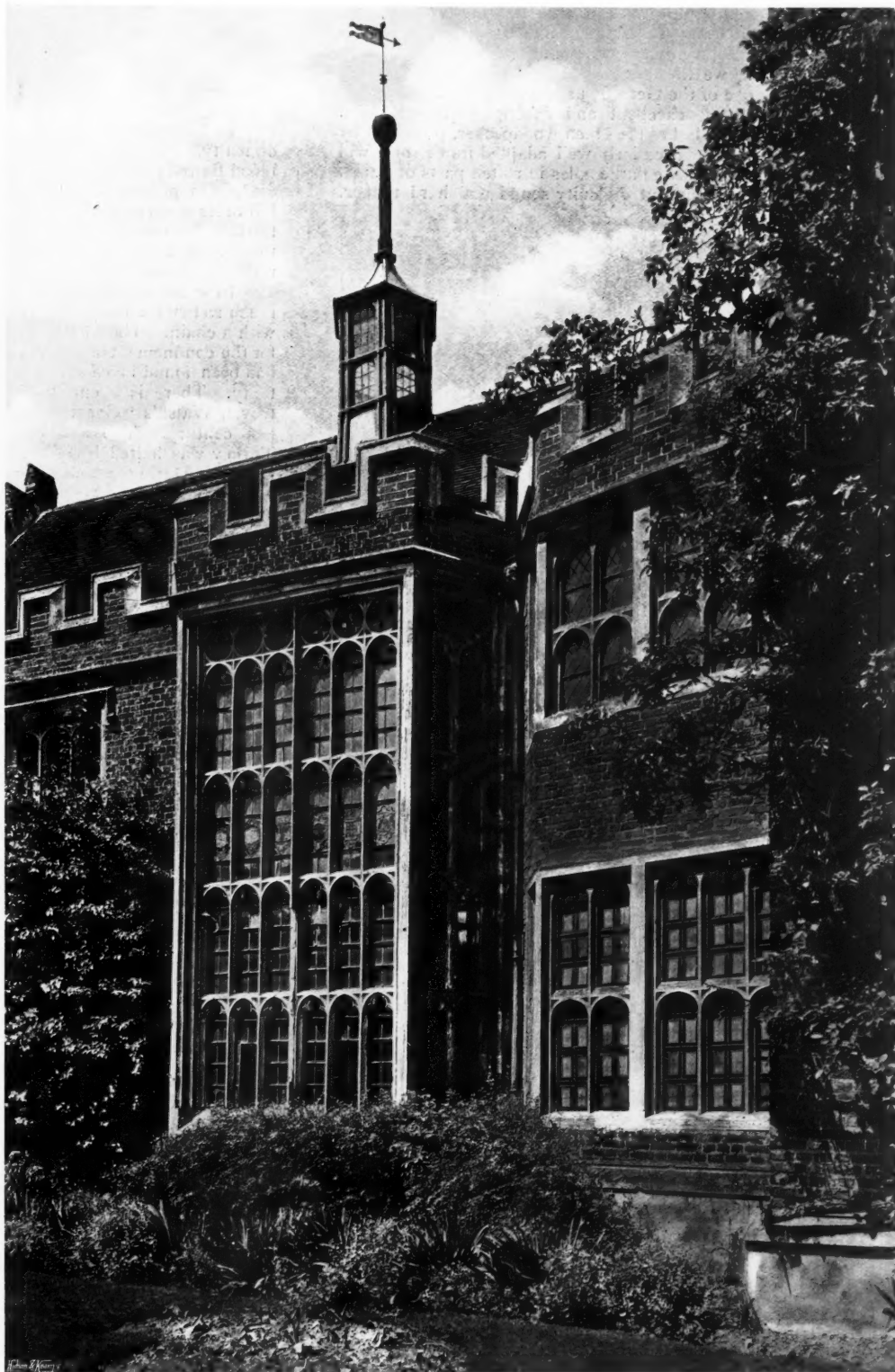
THE GREEN WOODPECKER.

AMONG the winter woods few of our English birds can rival in beauty of colouring the green woodpecker, the popinjay of old English folklore and earlier writers on natural history. Some months ago, while traversing a Sussex woodland, I espied one of these birds clinging to a tree bole, the bark of which he was carefully examining for grubs and insects. The olive green back, pale yellow rump, and the rich crimson colouring of the head, terminating in a fine point down the nape of the neck, are always remarkable and always good to look upon. Black feathering appears round the eye, and below that again, on either side of the face, are notable patches of crimson. The under parts of the bird are of a washy yellowish green, which harmonises perfectly with the more brilliant colouring of the upper parts. I had the pleasure of watching this bird for more than two minutes before he was aware of my vicinity; then something—I cannot tell what, for I moved not a muscle—informed him of my presence; he streaked round the tree, and with that curious dipping and rising flight, for which he is remarkable, was gone to some other sanctuary in the heart of the woods.

This bird has the reputation of being a very shy creature, and as a rule, in his own beloved woodlands, he is so, and is from that reason a creature somewhat difficult of observation. Yet, when he has been little disturbed, and has acquired confidence in his human neighbours, he will, in course of time, show a more or less friendly disposition. Some friends of mine living beneath the South Downs, sheltered by a grove, and flanked by other pieces of woodland, were, during the whole of last summer and autumn, regularly visited by a pair of green woodpeckers, searching their lawns carefully for insect food, and running hither and thither within a few yards of the house. The time at which they were most busy was soon after dawn; but if the house was quiet, and the inhabitants were indoors, this handsome pair would appear in the afternoon. From an upper room they could be observed very minutely through a pair of field-glasses. In this habit these two woodpeckers are not singular. Three or four miles away from the place of which I am speaking, a pair of woodpeckers nested last spring near another house, and, so soon as the young could move from the nest, the mother brought them to the lawn, where the happy family party were to be seen

constantly during the summer and autumn. In both these instances the denizens of the houses thus fearlessly approached are great lovers of birds; the wild creatures soon learn where they can trust themselves, and the confidence thus reposed is repaid a hundred-fold by the pleasure of having rare and beautiful species about one, and being able to note their many interesting habits.

From spring to autumn the quaint laughing cry of the



Copyright.

HORHAM HALL: THE GREAT WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

woodpecker is familiar to most dwellers near quiet woodlands. Yaffle is an old provincial name for this bird, and yaffle very well describes the green woodpecker's tittering note. Yaffler is another name often used by the country boy when speaking of this bird in certain districts. But besides the names popinjay, yaffle, and yaffler, the green woodpecker has various other local designations. Among these are woodspite, rain-bird, rain-fowl, yappingale, woodwall, witwall, hew-hole, and awl-bird, all more or less descriptive of the bird's habits. A local name in Warwickshire for this bird is ickle, which I take to be a corruption for hickwall,

a name more usually bestowed on the lesser spotted woodpecker. *Eaqual* and *eckle*, rustic names recorded by various naturalists, are, I imagine, similar corruptions. It is, however, just possible that these old names merely represent, as I believe does *yaffle*, the singular and unmistakable cry of this bird.

The rural legend and belief that it cries most noisily and most often before rain, is a very ancient and a very persistent one, and after some observation of these birds I am inclined to think there is good reason for it. Other birds—notably some of the plovers—the *pluvier* (rain-bird) of our Norman ancestors, and the *regenpfeifer* (rain-piper) of the Germans, are notoriously disturbed before the coming of rough and tempestuous weather. *Awl-bird* and *hew-hole*, which correspond with one of the German names for the bird, *Zimmermann* (Carpenter), are excellent and descriptive designations. The strong, wedgelike bill of the green woodpecker, propelled by powerful muscles and a peculiarly well adapted framework, will not only easily and rapidly enlarge holes in rotten parts of a tree, but will often pierce without difficulty sound and hard timber.



L. H. West.

MARSH-MARIGOLDS.

Copyright.

The hole thus made is beautifully, nay even mathematically, round and perfect. Woodpeckers of all descriptions must be absolutely free from any fear of headaches. What other creature in the world could withstand the jar, concussion, and racket of the tremendous blows which these birds will, by the hour together, inflict with their bills upon timber?

These blows are not always delivered for the purpose of piercing wood; they are useful in driving out insects from beneath the bark of the tree on which the woodpecker is operating, and the noise is probably useful also in the courting season by way of drawing attention to the whereabouts of a particular bird. Certainly the great and lesser spotted woodpeckers signal to each other by this method.

The nest of this bird, made at the bottom of a hole in a tree, consists of fragments of soft, rotten wood, upon which are deposited from four to seven white eggs. The female, during the early part of the hatching period, gets out for an airing for an hour

or so in the morning, usually between ten and twelve, but towards the end of the process she sits very closely. She is a famous and most persistent layer, and even in this country will occasionally rear two broods in the year. It is on record that a woodpecker, robbed of her eggs systematically day after day, laid no less than seventy-three eggs—surely a stupendous piece of production! But a wryneck, a not very distant cousin of the woodpecker, has laid forty-two eggs when deceived in the same manner.

Green woodpeckers, furnished, as we have seen, with bills of great strength and toughness, backed by immense muscular force, are formidable fighters. During the courting season the males fight savagely, and inflict upon one another very severe wounds. In the spring of 1903, an observer wrote to a contemporary an account of two of these woodpeckers—males—which he had chanced upon while riding through a wood. They were fighting, and as he approached them one of the birds flew away with difficulty. The other lay struggling on the path severely injured; blood flowed copiously from its neck, and in a few moments it died. On picking it up, its injuries, inflicted by the wedge-like bill of its adversary, were seen to be very severe. The neck was terribly lacerated, and a long tendon had been torn from the throat. The tail had been wrenched out, and lay almost entire upon the ground, with a quantity of other feathers.

In confinement woodpeckers are fierce and quarrelsome, so much so that their captors have found it necessary to restrain them with a chain. Their nature and habits, in truth, ill qualify them for the confinement of an aviary. Yet occasionally a woodpecker has been found in captivity in a state of quite wonderful domesticity. There is a curious instance recorded in an old book of travel, Walsh's "Constantinople," published in the early part of last century. The author, a clergyman, while travelling in Turkey was halted by quarantine at a village where plague was raging. During a tedious confinement to a single miserable room he had little enough to occupy himself with. One morning, at breakfast, a woodpecker flew in at the window "with all the familiarity of an old friend," hopped on to the table, and began to pick up crumbs and flies. The bird had been the pet of a young girl just dead of the plague, and upon the death of its mistress was seeking fresh quarters. Its habits were strangely confiding and familiar. It would climb the wall in search of flies by any stick or cord. It would mount the traveller's foot, and thence ascend with wonderful speed by leg and arm up to his neck, down the other arm, and so on to the table. "It would there tap with its bill with a noise as loud as a hammer, and this was its general habit, on the woodwork in every part of the room; when it did so it would look intently at the place, and dart at any fly or insect it saw running—in all probability adopting this noisy method of disturbing such insects as might be concealed within, that it might seize them the moment they appeared." Bishop Stanley, in his interesting "History of Birds," has noticed this singular incident.

Insects and their larvæ are the favourite food of the green woodpecker. These birds are extremely fond of ants and their eggs, and, even in hard weather, when the ant-hills are frozen, the strength of their bills and their wonderful powers of hammering enable them to pierce the soil and extract the delicacies they are in search of. The long, worm-like tongue, with its horny tip, furnished with bristles on either side, is a great aid in all such operations. By an apt arrangement of muscles and bones, the tongue is singularly extensible, and large salivary glands furnish the point with a sticky secretion, which prevents the escape of the ant or fly aimed at. The strong claws, well hooked and prehensile, placed two in front, two behind, are great aids to progression; and the bird, as it slips round and up a tree in spiral fashion, with wonderful rapidity, is assisted by the stiff, spiny tail-feathers, which, being much utilised, are usually found somewhat worn at the tips. The bones supporting the tail add greatly to the amount of leverage provided by that useful appendage.

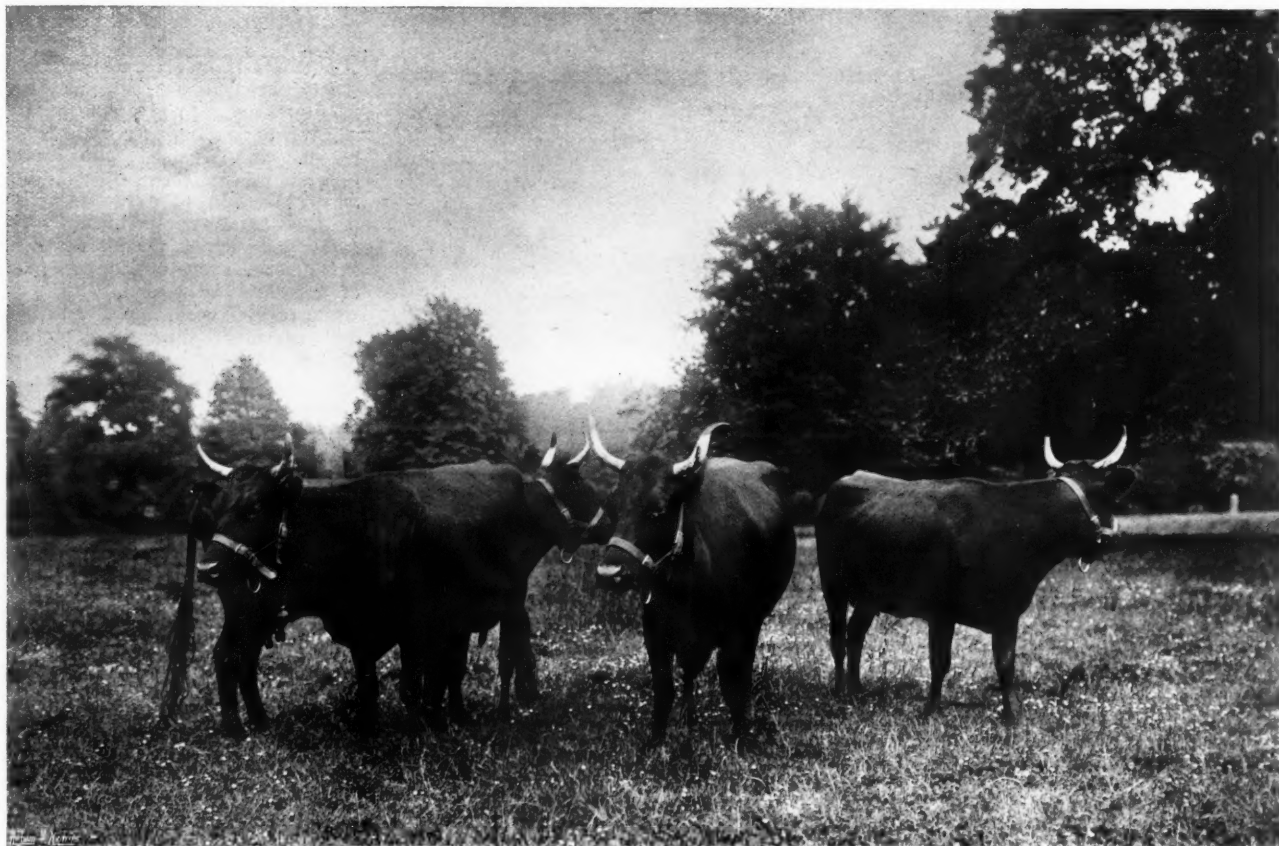
The green woodpecker, as I have said, feeds much more upon the ground than many others of this family. The Germans have noticed this peculiarity, and two of their country names, *grass-pecker* and *ant-pecker*, enforce the observation. The principal food for which these birds seek when they take to the earth are undoubtedly flies, ants and their eggs, and other insects. But the bird will also at times devour hazel-nuts, walnuts, hips, the cones and seeds of trees, and worms. In the neighbourhood of woodlands, which they must have as sanctuaries and retiring places, they patronise grass lawns in quiet country places far more often than many people imagine, visiting them at early morning and gathering a well-earned breakfast long before the inmates of the house are abroad. Their trail upon a dewy lawn is very remarkable, and, once noted, will be always remembered. It looks somewhat like the spoor of a man who might have been trapesing along the grass in carpet slippers; the bird's tail, bent inward for tree work and always held well down, no doubt has much to do with this impression.

During the last twenty years the green woodpecker has, thanks, no doubt, to the benefits of the Wild Birds' Protection Acts, increased in number in many parts of England, wherever the presence of some amount of woodland gives him the home

and abiding-place that he needs. He is, I believe, not very often shot, and, indeed, it is a thoughtless act to slay so harmless and so handsome a creature of our woods and forests. At a big day's shooting, given by the French President to the King of Italy, at

Rambouillet, in October of last year, the bag, publicly declared, included 382 pheasants, 244 rabbits, 8 hares, 6 roe-deer, 5 partridges, and a green woodpecker. Surely the last-named item might have been spared on such an occasion! H. A. BRYDEN.

SIR GILBERT GREENALL'S KERRY CATTLE.



Copyright.

A SPLENDID QUARTETTE.

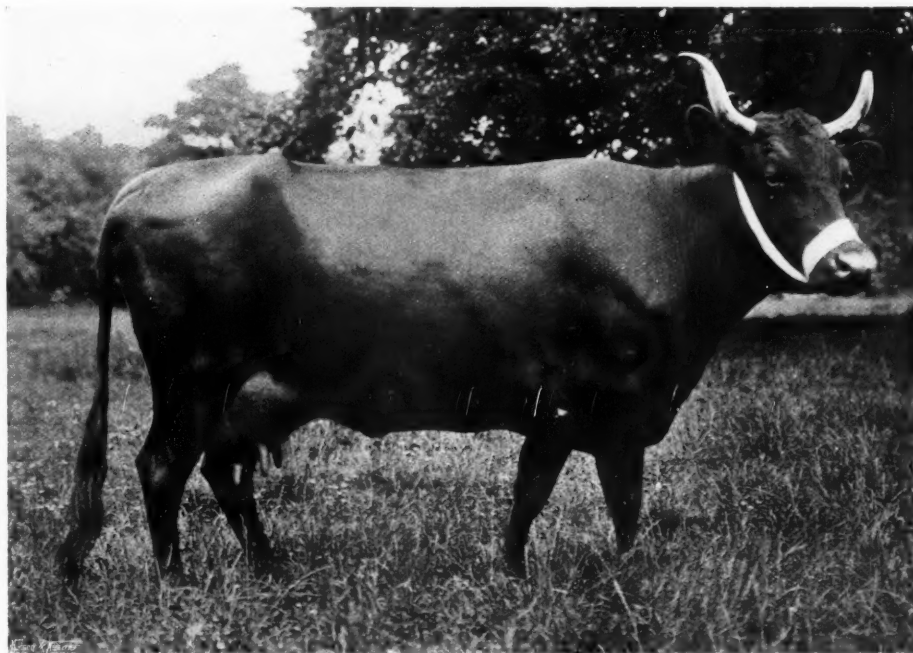
"COUNTRY LIFE."

TO-DAY we offer some illustrations of the fine herd of Kerry cattle belonging to that distinguished agriculturist, Sir Gilbert Greenall. The pictures were taken at his country seat of Walton Hall, which is situated about a couple of miles from Warrington. The drive from the station being through the busy manufacturing town, and across the Ship Canal, it is not quite so charming as a rural excursion might have been, but it gives one a suggestive picture of the restless activity of the Midlands, and house and park afford a striking and welcome relief from the industrialism in the midst of which it is situated, as the park itself is an extremely beautiful one, and perfect order and cleanliness reign on every part of the very convenient home stead. It may be well to say at once that the housing of the cattle and everything appertaining thereto is done in the very best possible style. The stabling and similar arrangements are modern in character, as might be expected from Sir Gilbert

Greenall, who is well known as an enthusiastic horse-lover, Master of the Belvoir, and owner of several studs of innumerable horses.

The Kerries are kept for the greater part in the park, where they succeeded the famous herd of Jerseys that Sir Gilbert Greenall used to keep. About 150 acres of the estate are kept in hand, the greater part of which is parkland. It is about four years since the herd was started by making purchases from the famous breed at La Mancha, and from the foremost breeders of the day. The success of the animals is fairly well known. Until the holding of the recent show at Park Royal they had not met with a single rebuff, but had carried all before them.

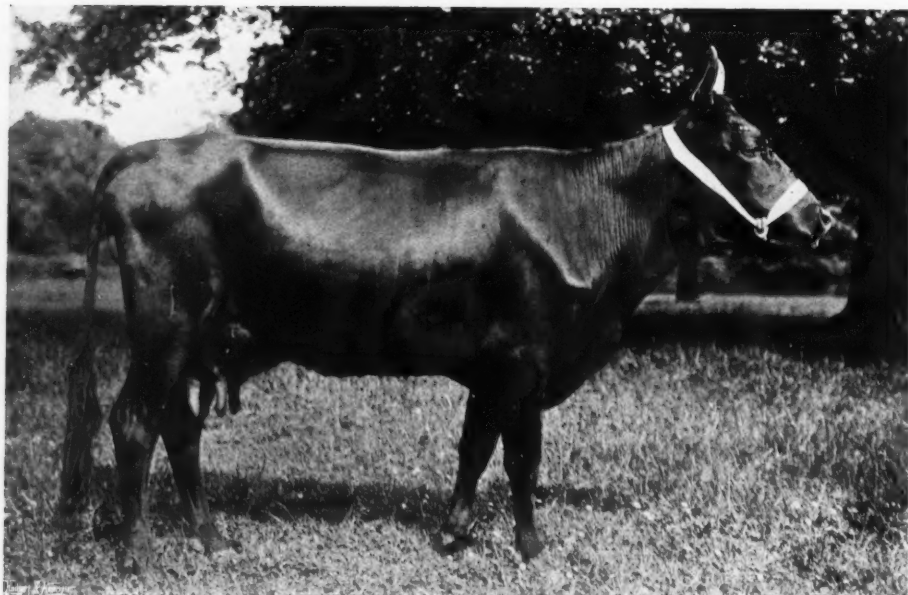
Our pictures speak for themselves, and show, among other things, how ornamental this breed may be in a public park. They have all the points of true Kerry cows, and for their size are probably the best milkers in the world. It may be noted that the breed was made by the peasants,



Copyright.

MAPLE IV. OF CARTON.

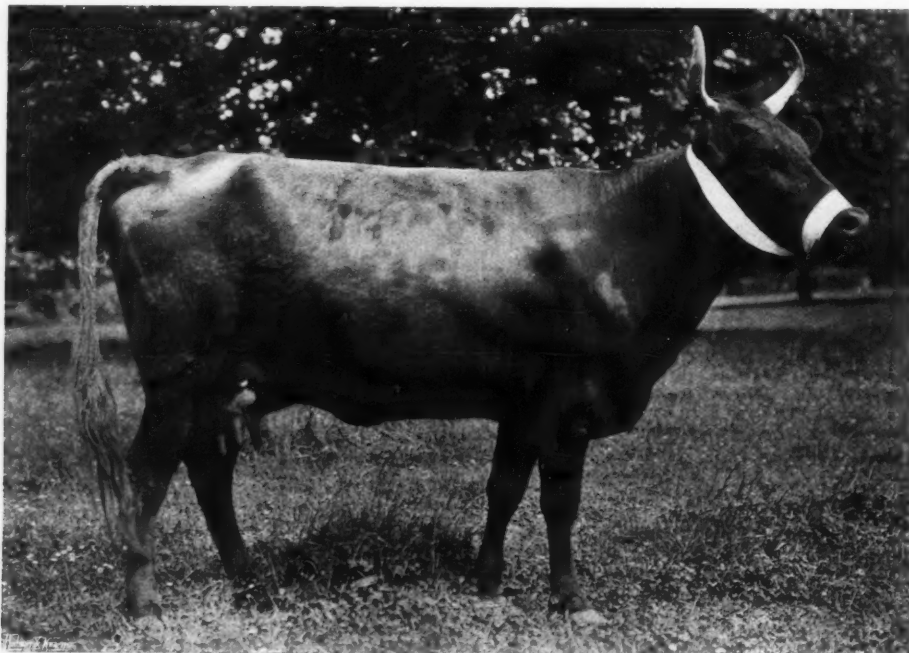
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

WALTON JOYOUS.

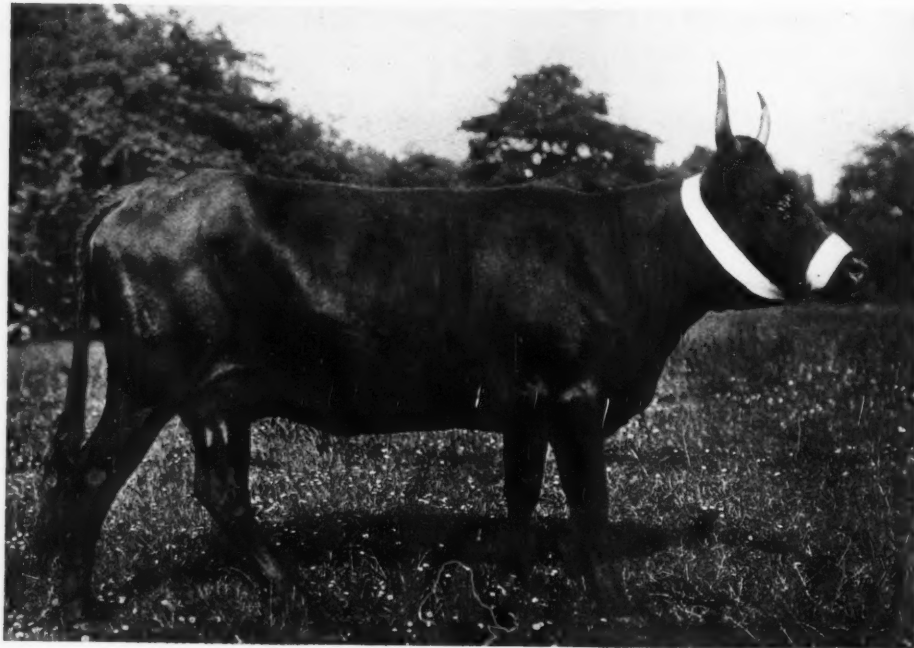
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

WALTON PROVIDENCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

WALTON EVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

whose one object appears to have been to obtain the maximum quantity of milk from their cows with the least possible expenditure in labour. The policy framed to achieve this was handed down by tradition from father to son, or rather from mother to daughter, with the result that the milk veins of the Kerry were very largely developed, and with that came the fineness of bone and gracefulness of shape that continue to distinguish the breed.

The Kerry is generally regarded as the original Irish cow, the Dexter having been formed by some cross which is not at present very well ascertained. Mr. Pringle, who was the first and perhaps the greatest authority on the breed, says the true Kerry is "a light, neat, active animal, with fine and rather long limbs, narrow rump, fine, small head, lively projecting eye, full of fire and animation, with a fine white cocked horn, tipped with black, and in colour either black or red." When fat, cattle of this description ought to weigh about 4cwt., and though primarily milk cows they fatten very well, and their flesh is fine in grain and rich in flavour.

Mr. John Chalmers Morton, another very high authority on these questions, writing for the International Agricultural Congress at Paris in 1878, alludes to the hardy and diminutive Kerry, red or black, as the only characteristic Irish breed, and as yielding rich milk, large in quantity for the size of the animals. This exhibition of 1878 may be said to be the beginning of the history of the modern Kerry. Messrs. William and James Macdonald, who reported upon the agricultural features of the show, in describing the dairy qualities of the breed, say that twelve quarts of milk daily and from 6lb. to 7lb. of butter in the week are about the average yield of the Kerry cow in the season, though exceptional cows have been known to give very much larger quantities. It was Mr. Robertson, whose name was so familiar in connection with the breed, who introduced the cattle to the Parisian public, and no one has done more to popularise the Kerry. Another very popular breeder was Mr. Pierce Mahony of Kilmorna, North Kerry. He won gold, silver, and bronze medals at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and for long was a prominent figure among breeders of Kerry cows. For a time the Kerry became very fashionable indeed, and the present King—Prince of Wales, as he then was—introduced them at Sandringham, and produced many very fine specimens, some of which were illustrated in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE two or three years ago. Lord Rosebery, too, was a great patron of the breed, and at one time used to import large quantities of bullocks to graze his estate in Buckinghamshire, and some years later introduced a quantity of Kerry heifers with a first-rate bull. According to Mr. Housman, they not only prove excellent milkers, but also are "found very useful in eating down coarse pasture in winter, thus greatly improving the following season's growth."

The fashion set by the Prince of Wales and Lord Rosebery was very widely followed, and for a time the beautiful little Kerrys were seen in many English parks. For some time past, we fancy, there has not been quite so much enthusiasm for them, but we can understand that it is likely to

return at any moment, as the Kerry has so many points that commend it to favour. One special purpose that it is calculated to serve is that of a cow in a pleasure farm where there is not too much pasture, and perhaps not the convenience requisite for keeping larger animals. It retains its hardiness, and the only effect of over-feeding is to render it coarse and unlike its progenitors. Some breeders, we are sorry to say, have a fancy for getting it large; but one of the beauties of the Kerry is its small size and the ease with which it can be fed—qualities that appealed it of yore to the Irish peasants. The Herd Book is not of very long date. In the year 1887 a register was opened in Dublin at the office of the *Farmers' Gazette*, and it was in 1890 that the Royal Dublin Society, making due use of the register, issued the first volume of the Kerry and Dexter Herd Book. Mr. R. J. Moss wrote the account of the cattle, and the book contained the pedigrees of 118 bulls and 943 cows of the Kerry breed, as well as those of the Dexter variety.

The English Kerry and Dexter Society owed its existence very largely to the exertions of Mr. Adeane of Babraham Hall, near Cambridge. He was long known as a very prominent breeder and exhibitor of Kerries, but after letting one of his



Copyright.

YOUNG STOCK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

resulted in the establishment of the Kerry and Dexter-Kerry Cattle Society.

One use to which the breed can be put has been exemplified in two or three of the most recent Christmas shows, and that is



Copyright.

A HERD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

farms to a well-known breeder he did not like to enter into competition with him, and gave up the breed. Still, he is entitled to much credit for the fact that on December 6th, 1892, he presided over a meeting at the Smithfield Club Show, which

crossing with larger beasts for the production of beef. It will be remembered how an animal of this kind, brought forward by Mr. Hudson of Danesfield, literally swept the boards a couple of years ago, and showed in a most striking manner what

can be done by crossing with Kerries, and this is exactly in accordance with the public taste of to-day. Consumers are no longer enthusiastic about the great joints that found favour a few generations ago. On the contrary, they are nearly all wanting to get a small, neat joint of the very highest quality, and this can be supplied by crossing the Kerry with any of the larger beef-producing breeds, such as the Shorthorn and the Aberdeen-Angus.

In a word, the breed is a most useful one from any point of view. During past years it has shown itself one of the best friends of the Irish peasant, as much so, to say the least, as the inevitable pig, and, like other peasant cows, it has now become a favourite with those who take up the breeding of kine for pleasure rather than profit. And its usefulness is unimpaired. As we have said, no cow is better suited to that ever-growing class of householder who is able to take a subsidiary place in the country. It will feed on a very coarse pasture, and be none the worse for its hard fare; indeed, no animal suffers more from the effects of pampering.



Copyright

MARQUIS VIII. OF CARTON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Having been born hardy, its constitution is one that thrives with rigorous treatment. No luxurious housing is required for it. Yet, in proportion to the outlay, no cow yields a larger supply of milk of very high quality. The calves, too, are always saleable, especially if stock be used of good pedigree, since breeders for the market are always keen on obtaining calves for the purpose of fattening them for the market.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

WE cannot truthfully pretend to any particular liking for that special kind of novel with a purpose that has political teaching for its aim. If Lord Beaconsfield's description of political economy as "the dismal science" be a correct one, writers may possibly be excused for gilding such an obvious pill with a certain amount of sugar; but it is somewhat of a prostitution of Art, and we do not know that the result is a very palatable one in the end. Many of us, perhaps the majority, like to take our pills as they are made, and enjoy the sugar by itself; however, this is not the opinion of the author of "Calmire," an American novel which, being published some years ago, created a considerable amount of controversy by discussing the relations of man to outward Nature. He has followed it by another, under the title of *Sturmsee; Man and Man* (the Macmillan Company), in which the relation of man to his fellows is discussed at very considerable length. He prefaces the book with so modest a note that one is reluctant to find fault with him. His idea seems to be to give in the form of a novel what the philosophy of evolution has as yet to say regarding the whole duty of man. The problem presented is probably the most complicated that can be put before the public. It has so many sides that it seems hopeless to dream of treating them exhaustively, and this novel—if novel it can be termed—puts one in mind of those curious conversations which it once was the fashion to publish in the monthly magazines. The characters of the duologue were frankly men of straw, not characters such as are conceived by the imaginative writer, but typical specimens of classes, and here we find very much the same sort of thing, though so many voices are introduced that the result is something like a Babel. Modern civilisation has brought about a state of things in which the moderate-minded man finds it difficult to discern what is right and what is wrong. The whole Labour question is an example of this. Those who most largely advocate the rights of the labouring man declare that all things are the production of Fate, and that Labour has been excluded from its fair share of the profits; but then an exactly opposite view is held in many quarters which are entitled to close attention. Only the other day the present writer was talking to an expert whose business it is to advise a certain institution as to the investments of its customers, and he made the noteworthy remark—which had all the more weight as coming from one who never betrays the slightest interest in politics—that he seldom recommended the private investor to place his capital in industrial enterprises, because close investigation had shown him that in many instances their prosperity depended wholly upon a single personality, and when that personality was removed their prosperity at once began to dwindle. His experience was probably that of many other people. One head does the planning and a thousand hands carry out the enterprise. Very often a large amount of money is risked in the undertaking. We have an example in view at the moment of writing. A poor man has made an extraordinary invention, and there are capitalists who believe that it is capable of being put to practical use after a considerable amount of money has been spent in experimenting and taking other steps towards its perfection. They are willing to back their judgment by advancing money in the shape of taking shares in a company for the purpose of working this invention. Should it fail they lose all they have risked, should it succeed they will reap immense profits. That is their position, and we think that fair-minded men would agree that if they go out of their way to provide funds for the development of an idea—because that is what it comes to—they are entitled to a reward commensurate with the risk they have taken. Now, on the other hand, a considerable number of labourers have been employed to work out the idea, but they have risked nothing. Every week they expect their wages paid to them by the capitalists, and they would be sorely disappointed were it to happen that they were abruptly paid off, even with the legal amount of notice. But suppose the invention were to succeed and to become a great property, who is entitled to the reward—those who worked at it for wages and risked nothing, or those who in the hour of adversity put their hands in their pockets, and, at peril of losing all, hazarded as much as they could?

That we believe to be a true statement of actualities; but in the hands of a rhetorical person quite a different colour could be given to the whole affair, and the ingenuity of

the author of the book before us has been exercised in gathering together a vast amount of divergent opinions and bringing them into contrast. Many of the incidents are quite cleverly narrated. A man who is, in the slang of the day, "broke" is offered such money as will bring him into line with the Co-operative Society by the kindly young doctor who is the central figure of the story. He hesitates, and on being questioned as regards his scruples the following conversation arises:

"That money was first made by Labor, and it rightly belongs to Labor."

"Yes, by my father's labor. But I suppose he has a right to give it to me?"

"He must be very rich. No man can be very rich from what he makes himself."

"Well, my father made it all himself. He's the hardest-working man I know."

"What's his business?"

"He's a doctor."

"Doctors can't get very rich unless they charge too much. They can't get very rich even then."

"Well, my father invested his earnings wisely. His investments have made him rich."

"O, then I suppose he's rich from the unearned increment?"

"What's that?"

"Why, rise in land because people work near it."

"O yes! I've heard about that, but I didn't recognize the term in English. But it was *his* land, wasn't it?"

"The unearned increment isn't fairly his, but Labor's."

"Well, his wealth did not all come from land, but largely from railroads and mines and other things."

"But the railroad's money was made by Labor, so by rights it belongs to Labor too," rejoined the laborer; "and as for mines, except for the Labor working them, they're the same as land."

We pronounce no opinion upon this kind of thing, which may be heard at any street corner. There is more that is true to life in the following sketch which a rich young Englishman gives of his own pursuits, and it ought to be noticed in passing that the author has little to say that is good of this country. He is an American, and believes rather in the "sovereignty" of the United States citizen than in that of those whom he is pleased to call the shopkeepers of Great Britain, and here is an example of the manner in which he makes the young English aristocrat of to-day describe himself:

"What else do you do? People generally like to talk about their pursuits."

"But I haven't any, unless it's leading the cotillion."

"That's a useful function; but what else do you do?"

"O, I forgot. I make an exhibition not only of my horses and boats, but also of myself—playing polo."

"And the people enjoy seeing you play. That's good too. Anything else?"

One of the habitual privileges of sovereign rank is to ask questions, and one of the privileges of the highest sovereignty—of womanhood, is to get satisfactory answers. Elith's approval encouraged Glendale, and she rapidly got what she wanted. He now answered: "O yes, I play tennis and ride to hounds, and sometimes a hurdle-race."

"Those things entertain people, too. Do you ever pull in a regatta?"

"No: our fellows don't do much of that after we leave college: training interferes too much with dinners and dances! I used to like to row, but I never cared enough for it to get on the 'Varsity."

Though she had made up for her blunder by speaking amiably of his pursuits, she would not have been herself without asking: "Do you ever bother about public affairs?"

"No: there are people enough to attend to such things."

"Aren't there people enough to attend to the things you do? I'm already told that some things which leisure enables a man to attend to are attended to very badly here; and that, too, not because there are not enough people to attend to them, but because those who ought to, don't."

One characteristic of the average Briton is that he does not grow angry at this plain speaking, but is inclined to give it a perfectly fair hearing. He will probably say that among our *jeunesse dorée* there is too much polo and kindred amusements, and that the young aristocrat of to-day is not taught to be sufficiently serious; but in truth there is no characteristic peculiar to any one country. The criticism could be applied equally well to the Roman gallants under Cæsar, to the exquisites of France who frequented the Court of Louis Quatorze, and to a great many of the richer class of American citizens of to-day. It is not time nor geography, but human nature, that produces this kind of mind, and anyone who is anxious to paint the lurid side of life might pick out from the working classes pictures that would be different, it is true, but would show them as little anxious for the true welfare of humanity. The political economist generally takes too narrow a view, and does not see the wide issues and the long landscapes. If he were an imaginative writer it would be much better for him to study life at first hand, and not to trouble about the lessons it is likely to impart. These will come of themselves, and will be true just so far as his whole vision and human nature are deep and sincere.



L. Rolfe.

BY MELTON QUAY.

Copyright

WITH THE WATCHERS ON THE FARNES.



A. J. R. Roberts.

CORMORANTS.

Copyright.

MAN'S interference in the animal world has, alas! usually been avowedly destructive; and, even when his intentions were good, the results have not been conspicuous for their success, having not infrequently far-reaching consequences in a direction he has been entirely unable to foresee. He introduces a bird into a clime and country for which Nature has not intended it, and complains when the bird, in a few generations, changes its habits to suit its new surroundings, and multiplies to such a degree that it becomes a serious pest. Then he wages war to the death upon the unfortunate victim of his experiments, and sets a price upon the head of his former *protégé*. He cultivates game with a complete disregard of the claims of hawks and all their kind to exist, and then is at his wits' end to know how to cope with the swarms of small vermin that naturally arise. For Nature's checks and balances are so wonderfully intricate, so interdependent, so perfectly adjusted, that man's attempts to alter or modify are practically foredoomed to failure. Man is the one factor with which wild Nature is unable to deal, and it is only when he interferes to prevent interference, when he attempts to secure the untrammelled working of Nature's own arrangements, that success smiles upon his efforts. And this, in the main, is the object of the association for protecting the birds at the Farne Islands.

But the problem is by no means so simple as may appear at first sight. Man's interference in itself is difficult enough to prevent; but that is not all, for the various species that claim the Farnes as their breeding-home do not live together in harmony. The stronger preys on the weaker; gull plunders tern, and the latter often rob each other. Now, the chief aim of the association is to encourage and increase the colonies of Sandwich, Arctic, common, and roseate tern, and rightly so; for, apart from the Farne Islands, some of these species are threatened with

extinction as British nesting birds. In order to attain this end a check ought to be put upon the vast numbers of lesser black-backed gulls which breed there. This, however, is only done in a half-hearted way, which has, so far as one can see, little or no effect on their numbers. For the first few weeks of the nesting season the gulls' eggs are systematically gathered by the watchers and despatched to Bamborough and Seahouses, where they are distributed amongst the poorest classes for eating purposes. But the birds persevere, laying egg after egg, until at last allowed to brood; and such is their attachment to their breeding quarters that even the destruction of their nests (where these are in too close proximity to the tern) is insufficient to drive them away. The first eggs are invariably dark both in ground colour and marking, but as these are taken the succeeding ones become paler and paler, till at last some very curious specimens are to be found, some being a pale bluish green, others of a light stone colour. The bird is capable of laying some twenty or twenty-four eggs in all, as an examination of the ovary will at once prove, but if permitted to sit upon and hatch the first three laid, it produces no more. What then becomes of the embryo eggs which are capable of coming to maturity so quickly if occasion demands?

For purposes of protection the Farne Islands fall naturally into two groups, two watchers being placed on the central island of each. The inner group includes the Knoxes and Wide-

opens, which are almost entirely occupied by thousands of tern, while on the outer group the lesser black-backed gull is undoubtedly the predominating bird. This fact, however, in no way belittles the dense congregation of guillemots that crowds the Pinnacles, or the numbers of puffins, which have in places so honey-combed the island that it is almost impossible to walk without breaking through the crust into their burrows at every other step. Indeed, it is doubtful if so vast a number of birds is anywhere



A. J. R. Roberts.

THE PINNACLES.

Copyright.

else crowded into so small a space. During the present year, too, a strong colony of cormorants has endeavoured to breed on the Wams, but without success, for from April up to my visit early in June the gulls had devoured every egg almost as soon as it was laid. From the fisherman's point of view, at any rate, this is not to be regretted, for the destruction these birds are capable of will be readily appreciated when it is said that they eat some four or five times their own weight of fish every day, and during the nesting season catch much more than they or their young can eat. The history of the colony during the past few years, however, shows many vicissitudes and migrations in search of a spot where they might breed in peace. For the Megstone Rock, which was for years their home, is nowhere quite out of reach of the waves, and during a gale some two or three years ago every nest was washed away. The Megstone was then deserted for a larger island, but here the gulls proved even more destructive than the elements. As soon as anyone lands on the island the cormorants decamp, and before one can reach the rocks, where their nests stand like pedestals of seaweed, the eggs have been carried off to assuage the appetites of the ever-greedy gull.

The kittiwakes on the cliffs by the Pinnacles are increasing slowly, perhaps, but surely, though their numbers are insignificant compared with the vast colonies to be met with elsewhere around the coasts of Britain. Eider-ducks are very numerous on both groups of islands, though they, too, have to pay a heavy toll to the omnivorous gull. Woe to the duck that has to leave her eggs without covering them over with the down that forms the nest! It is rather surprising that the gulls continue generation after generation to be duped by so simple a device; but should they discover it, the extinction of the ducks would only be a question of a few years. For,



A. J. R. Roberts.

AN ARCTIC TERN.

Copyright.

after laying her egg during the night or early morning, the female eider joins her mate upon the sea, and does not return to her nest till the following evening. After the full

complement is laid, the bird never voluntarily leaves the nest by day, and only for a very short space to feed by night. Her mate, on the other hand, takes absolutely no share in the duties of incubation, unless he guards the eggs while the female is away, but I have no evidence to show that this is the case. Yet, despite these precautions, the eggs cannot be said to be safe until they are hatched, for the gulls and



A. J. R. Roberts.

SPOILING FOR A FIGHT.

Copyright.

crows sometimes go to the length of driving off the brooding bird by swooping down upon her, and have even been known to steal the eggs from under her while she sits; and as the period of incubation lasts about a month, it is no wonder that her face wears an habitual expression of patience and resignation. The older birds are usually to be distinguished by the larger quantity of down in the nest, and it is said that the duck will strip herself three times, if necessary, and that then the drake yields his supply. If this be so, the second and third pluckings cannot be very productive, for I have found many nests with little or no down at all, and the watchers, with all their years' experience, cannot corroborate the statement about the drakes.

The post of watcher, during the early part of the nesting season, at any rate, is no sinecure, for gulls' and guillemots' eggs are so esteemed by the fishermen along the coast, that scarcely a fine night goes by without some boat attempting a raid upon the outer group. And it is impossible for the two watchers with one small punt to prevent them. They know the boats perfectly well, but the law demands that the eggs must be found in possession to



A. J. R. Roberts.

LESSER WHITE-BACKED GULL.

Copyright.

make a case for prosecution, and immediately chase is given, the plunderers run to their coble, hoist sail, and are gone. Far more daring are the attempts on the Pinnacles, and I was told—with what amount of truth I cannot say—that these have been successfully cleared three times this year. They are only some 35ft. or 40ft. high, and by making ladders of the coble oars and masts it is possible to scale one of them and to cross by the same means to the others, lowering the eggs in baskets. All this, however, could be stopped quite easily, not by the watchers, but by the police, if they did their duty and occasionally examined the boats as they come ashore, for no attempt at concealment is made, and a few prosecutions would quickly bring about a change in the taste for gulls' eggs. As it is, the only real safeguard for the birds on the outer group is a stiff north-easterly breeze, which makes a landing exceedingly risky, if not impossible.

The Knoxes and Wide-opens in the inner group are strategically far more capable of defence, and are, indeed, most efficiently guarded. The numbers of



A. J. R. Roberts.

EIDER-DUCK.

Copyright.

it is that it is adapted to. The most obvious, though not a perfect, illustration of this is to be seen in birds. In its natural wild haunts a young thrush sitting on a branch with a tangled background of light and shade and leafage behind it, is, in spite of its speckles, almost invisible. Sitting on the ground under bushes, amid twigs and earth and dry leaves, it becomes simply non-existent. All it has to do is to sit still; and unless an enemy accidentally collides with it, it is safe. Unfortunately, man has interfered with the natural surroundings of thrushes, and, nowadays, young birds have to go through a great deal of their bringing up amongst gravel walks and croquet lawns. But the birds, young or old, seem quite unable to realise that this makes any difference. In the old days, when danger, in the form of some carnivorous bird or animal, drew near, all the old bird had to do was to tell her youngsters to sit still; and they sat still. There are few things which can sit stiller, even under the most terrifying circumstances, than a young thrush. But no matter how still it sits, a young thrush (unless you mistake it for a croquet ball) can hardly be said to be invisible in the middle of a croquet lawn. Nor is it much better adapted to its environment when on a gravel path. But neither the mother bird nor the infant appears to have any recognition of this fact. When danger—whether man or cat—approaches, the parent has no other resource than the old device of telling the helpless young one to sit still, and she goes on telling it to sit still, and the child goes on obeying, until the man picks it up and puts it in some safer place, or the cat . . . well, the cat puts it out of reach of future perils too.



A. J. R. Roberts.

SANDWICH TERN.

Copyright.

tern nesting there have greatly increased during the last ten years, and the Sandwich tern is now settling colonies on the Wide-opens, so that in this respect the association for protecting the birds has not laboured in vain.

A. J. R. ROBERTS.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

COLOUR PROJECTION AND SURROUNDINGS
OF BIRDS.

WHEN Nature gives creatures the means, as by coloration, of protecting themselves against enemies it seems a pity that she should not also provide them with just sufficient intelligence to enable them to apply those means to their advantage. During the course of laborious ages a bird or an insect has come, presumably without intention or volition on its part, to adapt itself physically so admirably to its environment that in its common and proper surroundings it is, when motionless, practically invisible. It has, however, totally failed, in those same ages, to develop any capacity for discriminating between its surroundings. It has no idea what environment



A. J. R. Roberts.

BROODING.

Copyright

LACK OF DISCRIMINATION IN INSECTS.

But this same inadequacy of discrimination is even more exasperatingly apparent in insects. The Shark moth (*C. umbratica*) is of such a colour that when it is at rest on a background of grey stone or old weather-beaten wood paling, the eye, even of a trained entomologist, has the utmost difficulty in distinguishing it, in spite of its considerable size. But in a neighbourhood which abounds in old palings and grey stones, the moth seems to choose to sit in the middle of a red brick or on an iron railing painted green. An even more conspicuous instance is the waved Umber moth (*H. abruptaria*), which appears in early spring when few leaves are on the trees, and the markings and shadings of whose wings are so extraordinarily wood-like that with the least discrimination in choice of resting-places, there seems no reason why a single specimen should ever be detected by man or bird. But the moth prefers to plaster itself, with all its wings outspread, in the middle of a white-washed wall or on black-tarred palings; in either of which positions it is rather more noticeable than a scarlet postage-stamp would be in the same place. There are a number of grey moths, like the Daggers and Tussocks (of the genus *Acronycta*) which are admirably adapted to concealment in their proper surroundings, but which habitually sit on the darkest tree trunks, making a conspicuous grey-white triangle that catches the eye at a distance of 30 yds. or 40 yds. It may be—it must be—that these insects have no daylight enemies. Bats certainly eat Dagger moths; but birds cannot care for them. Otherwise it would be impossible for the insects to remain undisturbed, as they do, from early morning to dusk in full sight of every bird that passes throughout the day.

THE IMPARTIALITY OF NATURE.

It is, of course, easy to point out that if Nature gave these insects sufficient intelligence to take advantage of their coloration, it would not have been necessary to give them the coloration, for then they would have had sufficient intelligence to conceal and protect themselves in other ways. Also, Nature is not interested in doing too much for any creatures. All that she cares about is that enough specimens should survive to perpetuate the species, and she does not mind what happens to the mass of individuals, each one of whom is, after all, the proper food of something else. If all insects were too clever at concealing themselves, some birds would starve. We have, moreover, always to bear in mind that it is unsafe to measure Nature's work by human standards. Man is only a very modern and, on the whole, insignificant enemy of either thrush or insect, and it is not against human eyes that the defence of protective coloration is provided. It may be that those conditions which alter the environment of a creature so as to expose it to extraordinary risks, also reduce the number of its enemies. In the matter of young birds it is difficult to believe that any enemy in the wild state can ever have been more destructive or more dangerous than the domestic cat. But in the case of the insects, it may well be that the civilisation which has provided the white-washed walls, the red bricks, and the black palings for them to sit on, thereby seemingly tempting them to destruction, has also so reduced the number of their enemies that they can sit where they please with impunity. None the less, it seems a dreadful waste to give a creature the means to its self-preservation, and then not tell it how to use them.

H. P. R.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AFRICAN SPRINGBUCKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—By this mail I am forwarding you a photograph of two springbucks. I had great difficulty in procuring this photograph, as the South African antelopes are very wild, on account of their being shot at so much, and it is only with the aid of a telephoto lens that such can be secured.—A. DUGMORE, Aliwal North, Cape Colony.

GOAT-FARMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your paper of June 24th I read a most interesting article on goat-breeding. I would be obliged if you could tell me if you know of anyone who breeds them in this country, if not in England.—R. C. METZE, Drogheda.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE dated June 24th, 1905, you have an article headed "Goat-farming: A New Industry," in which you say that a

"goat-farm can be started, and worked to show a clear return of at least 100 per cent." I should feel much obliged if you would inform me as to how much capital would require to be invested to show best results, also what part of the country would be best suited for having a goat-farm as regards both soil and climate, and also a demand for the consumption of goat's milk, flesh, etc.—E. N.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to your article in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE of June 24th on goat-farming, surely the rough profit and loss account therein given is rather misleading. There seems nothing allowed for rent or for cost of keeping the forty-eight kids for five months, or for depreciation of stock and building. I should be much obliged if you could recommend me some good practical work on the subject, or, perhaps, the British Goat Society would give me some information if you would be so kind as to give me their address.—L. S. JORGENSEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The article on goat-farming in your issue of June 24th is most interesting, and should do a great deal of good for the future of goats in this country. Will you please send me address of the British Goat Society, and oblige. If you could give further articles on goats, with more details of various owners and breeders as to the profits, I think it would be advisable; the profits seem out of all proportion to the cost.—EDMUND ALLDAY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am greatly interested in the article in COUNTRY LIFE of the 24th ult. entitled "Goat-farming: A New Industry," and if the prospects held out can be realised, or anything like realised, there should be a great future in Britain for goat-farming; the only fear appears to be that such profits as you show would induce so many people to take up the industry that the market might be flooded and profits dwindle away. This, however, would not be for a time in any case, and the first in the field should reap the benefit. As I shall try the experiment, I venture to put a few questions to you, and will feel greatly indebted for any information you may kindly give. Is there a book on goat-farming, and what is the name and publisher's name? You recommend obtaining an expert's advice before starting—can you give the name and address of one? Could goats be kept untied in loose boxes (ordinary horse loose boxes) and how many would a box hold? If necessary to tie them, how many would find room in a box? Are goats subject to epidemics or minor illnesses? This is a very important point. What are the best hours for milking? Is there always a free market in London for the milk, and would it be necessary to send it twice daily? Is there any market in small local towns? I should not propose to make cheese or butter, which entails much trouble and expense. In your estimate you give

£25 for wages, which probably presupposes that about half a man's time is occupied, but many might take up the industry who had no other occupation for a man, in which case £52 would need to be allowed. Nothing is allowed for taking the milk to the station, but in the above case this would entail purchasing a horse or pony and cart, reducing the profits very much. There is no allowance for this in your estimate, nor for the price of milk-cans, nor freight of milk, nor ice (if necessary) to cool the milk. Are there plenty of suitable goats to be got in England? Would it be possible to visit the St. Albans establishment?—F. W. S.

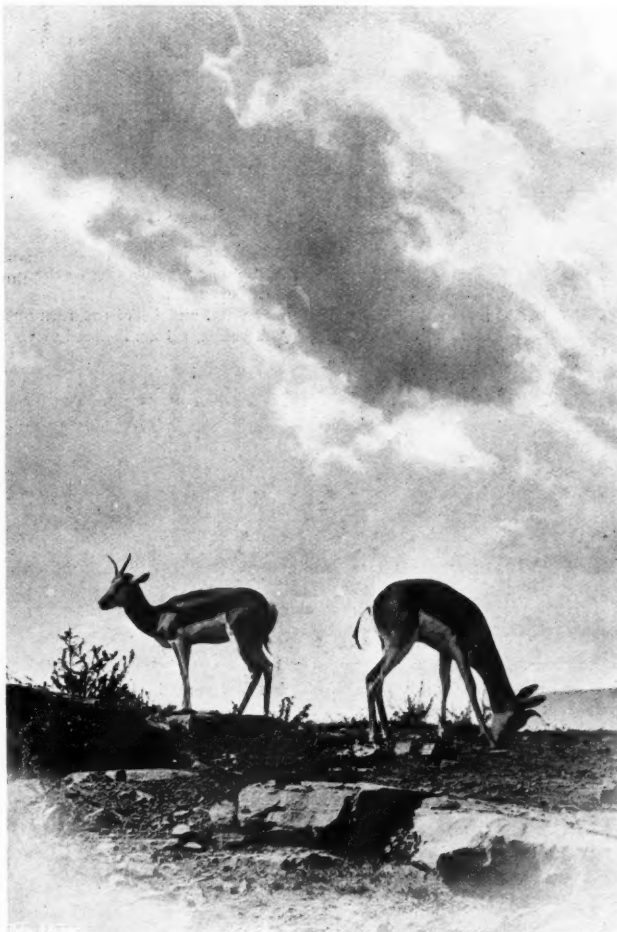
P.S.—Referring to my letter of yesterday, I omitted to write of the strong, disagreeable smell of the goats, and to ask if on this account it would not be necessary to have them stabled some distance from the dwelling-house, and what distance? Could a horse be stabled in the same building, and would an attendant not have too strong an odour from the goats to act as coachman? Is it necessary to have a field to exercise the goats? How many goats can one man milk and attend to?

[We have only space to publish a selection of the letters received on this subject, which has aroused a great deal of interest; but the queries in them will be dealt with in a second article which we hope to publish next week.—ED.]

SWISS MOUNTAIN CARRIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some friends of mine and myself ascended the Faulhorn, some 5,000ft. above Grindelwald, to view the sunset on the range of snow-clad Alps. Returning next morning we met the group of men which my picture represents,





I was unable to speak their native tongue, but after a little patience and perseverance I made them understand my desire to take their photograph. My greatest difficulty was to keep the gentleman on the extreme left from one continuous roar of laughter. The two outside men have churns on their backs full of milk, which they have brought down from a farm higher up.—W. H. COX.

BIRDS POISONING THEIR YOUNG IN CAPTIVITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some years ago, when living in the country, I successfully reared young thrushes, starlings, robins, and blackbirds. In every instance when the parent birds found their young in my possession the attempt to rear ended in death. The young birds in these instances were comparatively happy and well until the old birds found the cage and fed their young. The food I provided was at once left untouched by the young birds, and they appeared to pine, and soon died—in two to five days. My own idea was that the birds became homesick, and realised their captivity from the distress of the parents. The poisoning idea is new to me, but not the death. In cases where I took the birds some distance from the nest and effectually eluded the parents it was easy to rear the young successfully. The young robins, however, would not live longer than a month; but I attribute this failure to incorrect feeding.—FELICIA WILKINS.

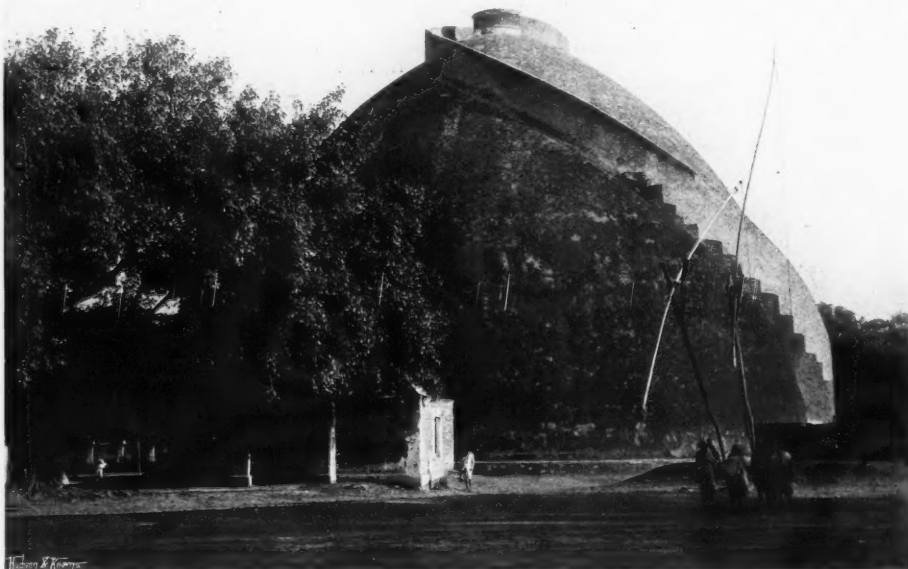
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Although in your footnote to the letter of "E. G." (who spoke of young thrushes apparently poisoned by their parents) you characterised the idea of a bird poisoning its young as absurd, I have a very lively recollection of what looked like a very similar case. About forty years ago, when I was quite a small boy, we had an old walnut tree close to the house, in a hole in which starlings used to build. One year one of our men, who was always doing something or other to interest us youngsters, took the young birds from the nest and put them in a cage and hung the cage in the tree where we could see it, and where the old birds could have free access to it; and I well remember our grief when, a couple of days later, all three birds were found dead in the cage, at the bottom of which were a number of berries which we certainly had not put into the cage, and which we were told were poisonous, and had been given the young birds by the parents.—HENRY STURMEY, Coventry.

GRAIN GOLAH, BANKIPUR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The "Golah" was built for a granary in 1783, but has never been used for that purpose. It is 426ft. round at the base, with walls 12ft. 2in. in thickness, the interior diameter being 109ft.; it is about 90ft. high, and might contain 137,000 tons. Inside is a most wonderful echo, best heard from the centre of the building; as



a whispering gallery, there is, perhaps, no such building in the world. The ascent to the top is outside by steps; at the top is a platform 10ft. 9in. round, which has a stone placed in the centre. This stone can be lifted, and access obtained to the interior. It is said that Jang Badahur of Nipal rode a pony up the steps outside to the top.—E. B.

SKYLARKS NESTING IN AVIARY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may be interesting to your readers to know that the skylarks in my aviary have hatched four chicks in ten days. This I believe is unique.—J. H. J.

ROBINS' EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in your issue of June 10th one of your correspondents mentions a case of robins' eggs nearly resembling greenfinches'. I can corroborate this observation, for I have found a robin's nest with eggs like greenfinches', but rather rounder and less marked. The nest was in a ditch near Woking, Surrey, and was of the ordinary type that a robin builds.—L. R. FAWCUS.

SCARCITY OF HOUSE-MARTINS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE I have seen letters on the subject of the scarcity of house-martins. Every year a few have nested under the eaves of this house, but last year the high road at the bottom of my garden was being repaired during the month of May, and great quantities of these birds were to be seen picking up the mud. They began to build their nests in such numbers under the eaves of the rectory that window-cleaning became a daily necessity, and I had to fix wire-netting to the eaves over the windows in self-protection. I am inclined to think from this that in a dry season these birds are attracted to certain places by the accessibility of material for making their nests.—G. H. COLVILLE, Weston Rectory, Shifnal.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—These house-martins were so intent upon getting mud for their nests that they did not mind my approaching them within a few yards, constantly flying to and fro from their half-built nests, but they objected very strongly to the camera, which I placed about 4ft. away from their favourite spot, with a string attached to the shutter. Not one bird would settle on the ground, but flew around very unhappily until I overcame their scruples by covering the camera, all but the lens, with a rhubarb leaf, and almost immediately they returned, when I was able to get the enclosed result.—G. BIRCH JONES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am inclined to suspect that one cause for the lessening in numbers of house-martins is the mess they make round stables and coach-houses. Grooms are tidy people, and what is easier for them than to keep a long pole handy and stop all building by knocking out the new nests.—B. V.